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VALUATION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The old 'Squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by:
"In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, Deacon, than I.

"We're both growing old, and the end's drawing near:
You have less of this world to resign,
But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine.

"They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you, even,
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store
For the shillings and pence you have given."

"Well, 'Squire," said the Deacon, with shrewd common sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun;
"Let your pounds take the way of my shillings and pence,
And the thing can be easily done."

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

BEFORE the lawyer had time to utter another word, I hastened from the room.

I flew rather than walked down the steep staircase.

I heard him following me.

I ran down the passage, out into the street, and hid myself in a doorway while I regained my breath.

I saw him hurry out after me; the clerks joined him.

I knew they were searching for me; but I was determined to evade them: so I beckoned to a cabman who stood near. But when he came I was at a loss what to say to him.

"Where to, miss?" he asked, touching his hat.

"Drive to—to St. Paul's," I said, with sudden inspiration.

I had no idea what I should do when I reached there.

It would be a harbor of refuge for the present.

Whether the man misunderstood me or not I cannot say; but instead of taking me to St. Paul's Cathedral, he put me down at a handsome building which I afterwards discovered was a church dedicated to St. Paul.

I paid the man, and he went away. Then I went into the beautiful building, full of exultation at the thought that I was going to die for my lover—die to please him and make his path in life pleasant.

The church was cool and shadowy.

Some few people were walking about looking at the building; one or two knelt praying.

I sat down on the first seat that I came to and for the first time realized how dreadfully ill I was.

My heavy head sank on my hands.

I must have been there for hours, conscious only at times of a burning heat that seemed to scorch the very marrow in my bones, at others of deadly cold which seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; then I fell into a stupor.

The western sunbeams streamed through the windows of the church when life came back to me, and my head was no longer bent on my hands. It lay on a kindly breast, and a pale sweet face was bending over me.

"Poor child," said a gentle voice, "poor child! Are you better?"

With a great gasping sigh, the power of speech came back to me.

"I hope not," I cried, with a shudder; "I hope not. I should like to die here."

"Poor child!" said the soft pitying voice. "You are very ill; let me take you home."

Ah, that word, so full of comfort to others so full of despair to me!

"I have no home," I said.

"No home, poor child! No home on earth; but we have all a home in heaven. You have friends, let me take you to them."

"In the whole world I have not one friend," I cried—"Heaven help me, not one!"

"Not one friend? Ah, my dear, we have all one Friend, the dearest truest, and best."

Oh, my love, that the bitter words should be wrung from me that I had no friend!

"Will you tell me what you are doing here, alone and so very ill?" asked the kindly voice again.

Then I raised my head, and looked up at the speaker.

Even in my fevered, confused condition, I felt some surprise.

I had seen no one like her before—save in old pictures—no one in real life.

She was not dressed as other women, but wore a long black robe, with a leathern belt, a small black cape, and white collar. Her sweet face was encircled with bands of white linen and a black veil fell from her head to her feet. She smiled as she saw my eyes.

"You must not be frightened, my dear," she said.

"I am a sister."

"What is a sister?" I asked.

"I will tell you later on," she said; "you must let me attend to you first. Only remember this for it may comfort you—a sister means one who gives her life—her life, mind—to serve the poor, the sick, and the miserable."

Of these words a few caught my attention—"One who gives her life."

They touched me so nearly, because I was giving mine.

"Gives her life!" I exclaimed. "You have given yours, then, for some one you love?"

"For some one I love," echoed the sister very gently; and I saw her raise something that she wore round her neck to her lips. "Tell me," she urged, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing sister," I answered. "Do not try to help me: do not try to save me. I came here to die."

"To die!" she repeated. "Dear child, do not say such terrible things. Why should you wish to die?"

I am giving my life for one I love," I replied, "as you have done."

"I have given my life to Heaven, dear child," she said with a gentle dignity that was it itself a reproof "not for any one on earth."

"And I give mine for some one I love dearly on earth," I said.

She looked at me with eager loving pity.

"But," she said, "you cannot die when you wish dear child."

"I can, if you leave me alone. I have had no food, no sleep for many hours; my brain is on fire, and my limbs are like ice. I shall die, if you will leave me."

"I cannot leave you; I must take care of you.

"It seems as though Heaven had placed you in our hands."

"I think, sister, that Heaven has forgotten me."

"Ah, no! Heaven never forgets," she answered; and the smile on her face was beautiful to see. "Tell me why you want to die, why you are here, and who you are," she added.

Then I slipped from her arms, and, kneeling on the ground, I vowed most solemnly that I would never impart my secret to a living creature, that neither my own name nor the name of my family should ever pass my lips, that the story of my life, my sacrifice, and my death should never be divulged.

"What are you doing?" asked the kind sister.

"I am registering a vow," I replied.

"That is a solemn thing to do. Oh, take care—take care!"

The fever in my brain was so strong that I did not know how completely my strength had left me.

I tried to rise, and should have fallen, but that the sister caught me in her arms.

"I am dying," I gasped. "Oh, leave me alone!"

I believed it was so. The darkness of night had fallen over my eyes, the chill of death seemed to have frozen my lips, there was a strange fluttering at my heart. Oh, welcome, death, since my love loved not me!

"You are exhausted, not dying. May I take you home with me?"

Whether I said "Yes" or "No" I cannot tell, for the darkness deepened and I knew no more.

Then came to me a long spell of merciful oblivion, and, when my eyes opened again, with the light of reason in them, everything in my life, even life itself, had changed.

I woke in a small square room, where everything was white and pure as the driven snow.

There were a small white bed, white window-curtains, white draperies, a spotless floor uncarpeted, a stand with a few white flowers in a glass, a table with a white cover on which medicine bottles and glasses were neatly arranged.

Opposite to me, where my eyes must rest upon hung a beautiful picture.

"The Good Shepherd" was engraved beneath it.

It was a simple picture of the Good Shepherd carrying in His arms a lost sheep; but the mingled love and compassion in the face would move a heart of stone.

On the other wall hung another picture, that of a virgin face, a slender virgin figure, clad in blue robes, and with one hand holding a white lily.

Beneath it was written, "The Holy Virgin, after Murillo."

Where was I?

* * * * * *

Presently there was bending over me, in the strange room in which I found myself, the same face that I had seen in St. Paul's Church, the same calm and gentle smile lingering on it.

"You are better, dear child, thanks be to Heaven!"—and the sweet lips kissed my face "How pleased our dear mother will be! She has been so anxious about you."

This was all a mystery to me; and I was as yet too feeble to grasp anything, so I lay still and listened.

"You remember me do you not? I am sister Magdalen. I found you in St Paul's. You were very ill, and I brought you home."

At first I could not remember what I had been doing at St. Paul's.

Then, by degrees, the various incidents came back to me, with, in all its bitterness, the memory of my vow never to reveal my story or my name.

"You have been ill for a long time," said Sister Magdalen. "I should hardly imagine that you realize how ill you have been."

With a smile, she held up my hand, and I saw that it was almost transparent. I tried to raise my head, but it fell back upon the pillow.

"You will be like a little child," she said; "you will have to learn to walk again. You have been here three weeks, ill with brain-fever always asking to die. Our sisters have sat up with you, and watched you by night and by day; but our dear mother has been the most anxious of all."

"Who is she?" I asked.

Sister Magdalen smiled.

"She is our superioress. I forgot that all must be strange to you. She—our mother I mean—is a saint—yes, a veritable saint. She has a grave beautiful face, full of dignity and sweetness—a face something like that;" and she pointed to Murillo's Virgin.

"She has been most anxious, because you are a stranger, and she did not know what was going to happen."

"Sister Magdalen," I whispered, "am I not going to die?"

"No, not now, praise be to Heaven—not now!" she replied.

"Nay, do not look unhappy about it. Life is very sweet, even when it is full of trouble."

"But," I said slowly, "you do not understand.

"I have so longed to die."

"Oh, that can never be!

"You——"

"But," I interrupted, "it is so. I left home, everything, to die."

A gentle smile came over her sweet face.

"Was your life so troubled," she asked, "that you longed for death?"

"It was worse than troubled," I answered; "it was misery that drove me mad."

"Death was not what you needed, child, but another Comforter;" and she pointed to the Good Shepherd.

"There never yet was trouble so heavy, grief so great, anguish so deadly, that it could not be taken to Him. Dear child, we must cure your mind now before we can cure your body.

"Will you tell me why you longed so to die?"

"I can never tell you my story," I said, "because I have vowed solemnly that no word of it and no mention of my name shall ever pass my lips; but I can answer your question without that. I am an obstacle to the person I love best in the world, and he wishes me dead; my death will benefit him, so I want to die."

"And you have found that death comes when Heaven wills, and not when we will?" she said simply.

"Yes, I have found that, sister," I answered humbly.

"Did you mean to take your own life—to destroy yourself?" she asked.

"No; I do not think so. I fancied that my grief would kill me; but it has not done so."

"Grief seldom kills," remarked Sister Magdalen.

"And I have no wish to live," I said, quickly.

"There are so many ways of what people call living," said Sister Magdalen. "When they speak of us sisters, they say that we are dead to the world."

I caught eagerly at the idea, so eagerly that I trembled with impatience.

"That is it," I cried; "that is what I want.

"It is not so much that I desire to lose my actual physical life; but I wish to be dead to the world, to my past life, to those who bear my name—dead as though I lay in the depths of the ocean."

She bent over me and kissed me again.

"You must talk to our mother," she said; "she is wiser than I. But it is not difficult to die to the world."

The chime of a bell was heard.

"That is the vesper bell," said Sister Magdalen; "I must leave you. I sing with the novices.

"Sister Clare will come and sit with you."

Up to the present time I had not had the faintest notion of where I was; but this

mention of vespers and novices told me that I must be in a convent, and I fell to wondering what Sister Clare would be like.

I must have been asleep when she came in, for I awoke to find a face very different from Sister Magdalen's bending over me.

Sister Clare wore the black robe, the black veil, the snowy linen, the coarse belt, and the crucifix that Sister Magdalen wore; but, ah me, what a different face it was!

Sister Magdalen's was fresh, fair and sweet.

Purity and simplicity were stamped upon it.

Sister Clare's was a face which told its own story—dark, beautiful, but so unutterably sad.

The fire of the dark eyes had been quenched by tears; the fine lines of the lips seemed quivering alternately with sighs and smiles.

She was tall and majestic in her bearing, and I could have fancied that some sorrow stricken queen was sitting by my bedside.

"Are you Sister Clare?" I asked.

"Yes, dear child," she replied. "I was with you last last night; but you were too ill to remember anything. I am pleased to see you better to-day."

"You are a sister like sister Magdalen," I ventured to say—"dead to the world?"

Ah me, what a smile came over her face!

It was as the gleam of moonlight on dark waters.

"Yes; we are dead to the world," she replied.

Then, seeing my eyes fixed intently on her face, she added, "My name, 'Clare,' means bright. It is not a very suitable one for me, is it?"

"Why do you use it?" I asked.

"We all choose our name on entering here.

"The name I had in the world was a very long and very sad one, with a ring of olden times about it."

"Why did you choose 'Clare'?" I then asked.

"Have you read Mrs. Oliphant's life of the great Francis D'Assisi?" she asked.

"No.

"I have read but few books; and that would not attract me, I think."

"I think it would," she said eagerly. "It is the record of the life of a wonderful man.

"St. Clare was one of his most devout and faithful followers; and I chose her name for that reason."

"Are you very happy?" I asked, with the terrible directness which characterized the St. Asaphs.

"You do not look happy, like Sister Magdalen."

I saw her eyes wander to the picture of the Good Shepherd, and linger there; then they were turned to me with a new light in them.

"Yes, I am happy," she said softly. "I was lost, like the strayed sheep there, amongst the thorns and brambles of the hill-top.

"But I have been carried home. Our dear mother will be pleased to see you better," she said after a pause.

"She made all the children pray for you last night."

"How good of her! How good you all are to nurse me and take care of me: I am a stranger, and you tend me as though I were one of yourselves."

"That is the rule of our order, to nurse the sick, no matter where we find them, whether it be in a king's palace or a beggar's hovel, in a rich man's dwelling or the ward of a workhouse.

"No difference of rank, station, of religion influences us.

"Our rule is to nurse the sick wherever we find them."

"How you all love this mother of yours!" I said presently.

"How curious it seems to call each other 'mother' and 'sister'! Yet I like the custom."

"It is a very excellent one," said Sister Clare.

"We have reason to love our kind mother.

"She drew up the rules by which we live; she founded the institute; she built the convent.

"She is everything to us."

"I should like to see her, Sister Clare."

"You will be sure to see her soon. She visits every sick-bed each night, and, if she finds any one very ill, she sits up with her herself.

"She is the incarnation of human love and charity.

"You will say so, dear child, when, you see her.

"She will begin her rounds when vespers are over."

"Sister Clare," I asked, after a few minutes, "will you tell me where I am? Is this a convent?"

Here before I give her answer, let me say that, as to the right or wrong of what I saw or heard, I offer no opinion.

Of theology I know nothing. I do not say the sisters were models to be followed, nor do I blame them.

I do not pretend to judge whether the life they led was right or wrong. I simply relate what I saw and heard, without prejudice.

"Yes, this is a convent," replied Sister Clare.

"You have never seen one before, have you?"

"No, never," I replied.

"Times are not what they were," said Sister Clare.

"This is an Anglican convent, and we are an Anglican sisterhood."

"Anglican?" I repeated, much puzzled by the word. "That means English, does it not?"

"Yes," she replied. "We are English Catholics, not Roman Catholics. Do you understand?"

I answered "Yes;" but I was sorely puzzled.

"This is called the Convent of St. Etheldreda, and we are sisters of mercy. Our reverend mother is called Mother Etheldreda. Saint Etheldreda was a Saxon saint."

Where had I heard the name that it should ring so through my heart? Ah, I remembered!

The church my beautiful young mother had loved so much at Sedgebrook was the Church of St. Etheldreda.

"If I became a sister," I said, "that is the name I should take—the name of Etheldreda."

A sad tender smile came over the face of Sister Clare.

"You will never be a sister," she said slowly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"It is not in your face, child," she answered.

"If faces speak truth, yours will be a very different fate."

I lay thinking over her words. All was so new and strange to me. Of all fates in the world, this seemed the one most fitted for me.

I wanted to be dead to the world—to be in the world, yet not of it; I wanted to live yet utterly unknown and obscurely, the past a dead blank.

It seemed to me that this was just the place I needed, if, when I grew better and stronger, they would but let me stay. Surely, if fair sweet Sister Magdalen and queenly Sister Clare could be happy and contented here, so could I.

I fell asleep, my eyes fixed on the face of the Good Shepherd. Ah me, in this world was ever lost sheep more utterly wearied than I?

A slight stir roused me, and, looking up, I saw no longer the sorrowful face of Sister Clare.

A quick, active little sister, with a face like a round rosy apple and sharp black eyes, was busy in my room. She nodded in a brisk energetic fashion when she saw me watching her.

"Getting ready for the night, my dear," she said.

"You dear sick people want so many little comforts during the night. You look better," she continued, coming to my bedside.

"I did not think you would die, although you have been very ill. I am sister Anna. You do not remember me. I have been one of your nurses."

I certainly did not remember her; but I liked her happy face and lively manner.

"Are you going to stay with me now?" I asked.

"Not long. I am what you call the night sister.

"I have to go round every room, and see that the old people, the sick people, and the little children have all they want. It is a strange thing," she continued meditatively, "how thirsty little children are during the night.

"I take up great jars of cold water, and they are empty in the morning."

"Old people and little children?" I repeated. "What a large house you must have!"

"Yes," she replied rubbing her plump hands together; "is it not delightful? We have indeed a large house. When you are better, you must go through it. We have more than two hundred helpless old women, and we have two hundred orphan children; besides that, we have a large hospital, so you may imagine that we have enough to do. We work," she continued, with a bright little laugh, "from sunrise until sunset."

"It is a hard life, Sister Anna," I said.

"Dear child, it is the way to heaven," she answered; and I asked myself how many ways led thither.

"You know the beautiful words," she continued—

"'Laborare est orare,'

'To work is to pray.'

"Things of this kind—nursing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, helping little children, waiting on the aged—all such things are active prayers. Our Mother Etheldreda has one great love above all others, and it is for little children. To see her with them in the prettiest sight in the world.

"They crowd round her, they have such a reverent love for her. She cannot pass by a child in distress.

"We never intended to take in more than a hundred orphans; now we have two hundred; and every day brings more. Our Mother Etheldreda goes perhaps to see a poor woman dying of fever, of hunger, worn by some horrible disease, perhaps beaten or starved to death—for, oh, my dear, there is such bitter misery amongst the poor!—and the dying will weep and moan, and say, 'What will become of my children, my little helpless children?'

"'I will take care of them,' Mother Etheldreda says, so brightly and so kindly that the woman dies with a smile on her lips.

"Sometimes the dear mother finds them in the street, ragged, starving, almost dying.

"She brings them home.

"You should see how she cries over them.

"She washes and dresses them herself, for she says they are children of the 'Great King.'

"She never looks so well as when she is with the children."

"She must be very good, this mother of yours."

"She is a saint, my dear!" cried Sister Anna.

"And she is just as good to the old women.

"She finds them crippled and helpless, without food, or fire, or a single earthly comfort, and she brings them home, poor creatures, and tends them so lovingly. They seem to renew their lives when once they get here.

"We have one who is a hundred years old.

"Mother Etheldreda brought her here ten years ago."

A hundred years!

What a long life!

Surely Heaven would not let me live so long, I thought, as my troubled eyes sought the brisk kindly face.

"You are thinking, my dear," said Sister Anna, "that you would not like to live so long.

"You cannot tell."

"You will not always be lying on a sick-bed, and there is much to do in this weary world."

It occurred to me how very little I had done; and for the first time I felt ashamed of myself.

Here were these women, ladies by birth and education, spending their whole lives and energies in working for others. Here was I wishing to die because the man I loved did not return my love—to die—I, so young, so strong and full of vitality. The difference struck me. They lived all for others, I all for myself.

The ringing of the bells aroused me from my thoughts.

"Why are bells so constantly ringing, Sister Anna?" I asked.

"Because we live by rule, and each different bell has its meaning.

"The bell that rang just now is for the old women to go to bed; the children's bell rang an hour ago.

"Some bell or other is almost always ringing.

"They begin at four, and ring until ten."

"Tell me something about your rules," I asked.

And Sister Anna smiled, as though her thoughts were the pleasantest in the whole world.

"The first bell rings at four," she said, "and all the sisters rise. From four until six we are in church, and then the work of the day begins.

"Some go to the old women; some to the children; some to the hospital, where the tired night-nurses wait for them; some remain to prepare all the meals of the day; some get ready to visit the poor and the sick out of doors; some prepare for the schools.

"Every one goes to work, and Mother Etheldreda has a kind bright word for all before beginning.

"We meet at twelve and dine. We have one half-hour's recreation, then are off to work again.

"At six we take tea.

"Then comes the vesper hour, which we all love; and at half-past nine our day's work is ended."

"Then you have very little time for yourselves?" I said.

"Rather, dear child, we should have no 'self,'" laughed Sister Anna. "The life of individuals differs greatly from the life of a community.

"We are to try to be one. I will tell you more another day. Do you know the doctor said you were to have some port wine to-night?

"I have brought it, and you must drink it," and she poured the wine into a glass and gave it to me.

"Our old women are always particular to say 'red port,'" she went on. "Sometimes when the life seems waning in one, the doctor will order a glass of port; and it would do your heart good to see their delight.

"We give our sick people very good wine," she added, with conscious pride. "That has put some color into your fair face.

"It is old wine that we keep for our worst cases."

"Am I then one of your 'worst cases,' Sister Anna?" I asked.

"Yours has been a very dangerous case," she replied; "but you will soon mend now.

"Lady Courthope sent us twenty dozen of that wine for our invalids. Now you have grown faint again."

For the very sound of a name from that outside world which I hoped never to see again startled me.

"I am not faint, Sister Anna, and I am delighted to listen to you," I said. "Do go on talking to me."

Her kind face brightened.

"I am afraid," she said laughing, "that I talk too much. I really do enjoy a little conversation.

"Mother Etheldreda says my worst fault is love of gossip."

"It is a very pleasant fault," I remarked. "You take people out of themselves."

"Yes," said the good sister, with serene content.

"Mother Etheldreda does not mean that I am really a gossip.

"The poor invalids like a few cheerful words at night. I think it is because I like talking to the sick that they made me night-sister.

"Mother Etheldreda is coming to see you before you go to sleep."

"It must seem very stupid of me to fall asleep every few minutes in this fashion;" I said; "but I cannot keep awake: and I fall asleep each time with my eyes on that picture of the Good Shepherd."

Even as I spoke, I felt my eyes closing. Sister Anna's brisk face and the picture both disappeared.

The old wine so generously given warmed me.

I floated away into that soft sweet slumber that comes with convalescence. After a time, into that sleep there crept a vague feeling of light and happiness that I could not understand.

I could not tell what it was like, but it was there.

My heart seemed lighter; the blood ran more freely in my veins. Something appeared to be hovering round me, light, bright—what was it?

Was it the gleam of beautiful silvery wings?

Was I lying where soft white moonbeams reached me?

What was it?

Vague and delightful was the new and strange sensation that came to me; and then my senses awake one by one.

I heard a voice, so sweet, so melodious, that it reminded me of the liquid notes of an organ, and I listened to it without catching the sense of what it was saying.

Then the words gradually became clear to me.

"That is well, sister. She must have everything she needs, and flowers in her room during the day. Nothing refreshes a patient recovering from fever more than the sight of flowers."

Why did that voice stir the very depths of my heart?

Some one was bending over me. Looking up, I saw Sister Magdalen.

It was not her voice I heard, gentle and kind though it was; the other differed from it.

"Are you awake, dear child?" asked Sister Magdalen. "Why, how much better you look!"

"I think I have been in heaven," I then said.

"Something so strange has come to me in my sleep."

Then some one drew near my bed.

"Mother Etheldreda has come to see you" Sister Magdalen continued.

A cold gentle hand was laid on my brow.

Looking up, I saw the face of Mother Etheldreda; and, lo, it was the face of my dreams!

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR a moment a haze dimmed my eyes; then, as it cleared, I found Mother Etheldreda gazing fixedly at me.

What was this strange feeling, this passion of mingled happiness and pain? Why should her eyes cause my heart to beat rapidly?

I wondered if the delirium of fever was coming back to me.

The beautiful saintly face so close to mine had suddenly grown white, and a half-frightened look crept into my eyes.

I have lived many years since then, and have seen much but not until my heart ceases to beat shall I forget the beauty of the angelic face bent over me.

It was not the beauty of white and red, of regular features of smiles and dimples; it was more like what we picture the face of an angel to be, bright pure, and radiant. I cannot describe it; I might as well try to set the song of a bird to music, or write in words what the wild waves say.

The very light of heaven shone in the dark blue eyes; the very sweetness of heavenly love seemed to linger round the beautiful mouth. But words are vague and weak.

They can give no idea of her.

For a few moments we looked at each other in silence. I could not tell what I felt.

Then she spoke.

"Welcome to Saint Etheldreda's, my dear child," she said. "I hope you are happy here."

An irrepressible impulse prompted me to fling my weak trembling arms round her neck and draw her face down to mine.

The next moment I was sitting upright, my brain, as it seemed on fire, crying out to her, speaking wild incoherent words.

Mother Etheldreda shook her head as she looked at me.

"The child is not well yet, Sister Magdalen.

"She wants the greatest care. I will sit up with her to-morrow night."

I caught her hand in mine and held it.

"Stay with me," I cried, "a short time. I cannot let you go. I have seen your face in my dreams all my life."

Pale and startled, she looked at me again.

"These are fever-mists," she said. "They remain for many days when the fever has gone."

"No, no!" I cried.

"I could show you sketch after sketch of a face just like yours. I have them——" "At home" I was about to add, when I checked myself, remembering that I had no home.

"I have seen your face in my dreams ever since I remember, Mother Etheldreda. It came to me every night, and I seemed to hear these words, 'May Heaven bless and keep the child!'"

She grew white even to her lips.

"Fever-mists, dear child. I have never seen you before."

"Even your voice," I said, "stirs my heart like music that I have heard and forgotten.

"Oh, Mother Etheldreda, you seem to be mother to all these good sisters, to the poor, the sick, and the sorry, to the little children—be a mother to me!

"I am the most miserable and forlorn creature in the wide world. Let me stay with you always."

"You shall stay, dear child, as long as you need," she said, stooping to kiss me, "as long as you will, and I will be a loving mother to you."

The very touch of her hand seemed to give me strength.

I felt, but could not explain, the strange influence that overpowered me.

The pallor had not left her face, nor had the startled look gone from her eyes.

Then, having sent Sister Magdalen away, under a pretext of finding something for me, she bent over me.

"You know my face," she said rapidly; "you have seen it in dreams!

"Who are you, child, that you should know me?"

"I can never tell you who I am. I have sworn never to tell one word of my story, never to mention my name; and I must keep my vow, must I not, Mother Ethelreda?"

"Certainly you must," she replied, in a clear sweet voice.

"Promises made to men are sacred enough; promises made to Heaven must never be broken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost and Found.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

MY Aunt Hester declared it to be an insufferable nuisance, living in the midst of mills and factories, having for your nearest neighbors workmen and mill hands.

Indeed, her august indignation knew no bounds when the manufactory of Mr. Shields was erected just outside her garden, on the ground adjoining.

The village was a village no longer, but a town, spreading its borders over the hills to the east and west, to the north and south.

And down in the valley was the throbbing heart, teeming with its busy people.

Its factories and mills were being erected in what had once been the suburbs of a village.

My aunt, Hester Stuart, and her daughters, Geraldine and Clotilde, were ladies of fashion, and all that the word implies they were.

The greatest "catch" of the season, the newest opera, and the styles were the sum total of their conversation.

It was conceded by all the household that Miss Geraldine was the lady of the house.

Even the mamma called her Miss Geraldine.

It was a high misdemeanor to omit the important prefix.

Miss Geraldine alway had the first and best of everything; and Clotilde was obliged to submit to her, sometimes in a very humiliating manner.

I, the poor dependent orphan niece, was chided by one and upbraided by another, until, between them all, my "lines" were hard ones.

I thought if my aunt possessed such a thing as a conscience, surely it would say to her, "Sleep no more."

When Mr. Shields was building, and my aunt was unacquainted with his personal history, this sooty manufactory, with its smoky chimneys, was an eye-sore to her fastidious taste.

"It ought to be declared a nuisance, this grimy old factory and those greasy workmen!

"What a desirable view from our sitting-room window!

"It is outrageous!"

Thus would my aunt comment upon Mr. Shields' workshop.

But very soon it began to be generally known that Mr. Shields was a bachelor.

Then she began to cultivate his acquaintance and to court his favor.

He was rich.

He would be such a capital husband for Miss Geraldine.

Siege was laid immediately, and if cunning diplomacy was to be depended upon, surely the citadel must surrender.

Mr. Shields was reported to be perfectly impervious to the arts and wiles spread out for him by mammas and daughters who were on the "look-out," so to speak.

It was generally supposed that he had been through "deep waters."

The gossips said that he had, when a journeyman and poor, loved a lady whose father would not consent to the match until he could produce a stipulated sum.

He worked hard, and began to amass a fortune.

But the girl was fickle, and before he was ready had married another.

This embittered him.

Now he was wedded to his work.

Business was his idol; money his wife and children.

He scarcely gave a second glance to any woman.

My aunt and Miss Geraldine began to lay their plans, and the distant, reserved Mr. Shields was often invited to balls and dinners.

Almost any afternoon you could hear them laughing and exchanging merry sallies from the window.

As the days went by I often noticed him looking intently at me as I performed my daily work.

Sometimes, when I was dusting the sitting-room, I would chance to look towards the mill and catch his glance.

I often wondered what he thought of me, if he thought of me at all.

Perhaps he was only meditating, lost in his speculations, and his eyes happened to rest on me.

I tortured my brain to find a solution to this enigma, asking myself if I was vain enough to suppose that Kenneth Shields was thinking of me.

This indifferent man was only thinking of his gains and losses.

He had no possible interest in a girl who washed dishes and dusted rooms in her aunt's fine establishment.

Shall I tell you how his appearance struck me, and how deeply I became interested in him, in those days?

I cannot describe him quite as he appeared to me.

I can tell you only of his sunny blonde hair and his deep gray eyes, of the well-built figure, standing perhaps five feet seven.

I cannot tell of a beautiful Apollo, tall and beyond all men fair; but I can say in pure truthfulness that this calm, almost grave face fascinated and drew me on with a powerful hold which other fairer faces had no power to do.

I felt my poor heart fluttering when his eyes rested upon me.

I crept away to chide myself with renewed vigor in the privacy of my own apartment.

Thus I had grown familiar with him, and his daily appearance I began to watch for, and when he failed to come, I often went to my room, and cried, just out of sheer loneliness.

His presence was a solace; although he had never spoken to me, yet I was sad and disconsolate when he was absent.

One evening my aunt and cousins were going out.

I was assisting them, when I chanced to drop Miss Geraldine's ivory fan and break the tiny mirror.

She tapped me smartly on the ear, and, in bitter anger, said, "You awkward little fool! Now my fan is in a nice condition! If you cannot be more careful hereafter, you had better let things alone!"

Turning to her mamma, she said, "Mr. Shields always takes my fan, if I chance to lay it down, and now it's utterly ruined by the carelessness of that thing!"

She looks daggers at me.

Aunt Hester, I thought, might have given me some sympathy; she only turned and said, "Mona, hereafter try to be careful; you have irritated Miss Geraldine considerably. Do not vex yourself; I will get another fan for you, dear child," she said to her daughter.

When they were gone, I threw myself upon the sofa and gave vent to my pent-up sorrow.

No reproaches, however unjust and harsh, no cutting reprimands, no scornful looks, could cause me to cry in their presence; I kept control over my emotions, and wept only when alone.

I cried and sobbed, and longed for most any fate that would free me from this thraldom.

Finally I must have fallen into an uneasy slumber.

The sense that tells us someone is near awoke me.

Standing motionless, looking down upon me in silent pity, was Mr. Shields.

I hurriedly started up, muttering some kind of apology, and very much ashamed of my tear-stained face and rumpled hair. I requested him to be seated, and he sat down, not on the chair near him, but beside me on the sofa.

I was confused, and knew not what to do or say.

I suppose he had perception enough to notice my agitation. He was all calmness and ease.

I wonder if it were possible he could hear my foolish heart beat, and see the tremor of my lips, when I tried to answer his questions.

"You are in trouble to-night, Mona?"

I shall remember to my dying day the inexpressible sweetness of these sympathizing tones. I thought, as I always have since, that it was the most musical voice I had heard in all my troubled, dreary life.

"You were sobbing in your sleep when I came in; what was it? Are you lonely? Aunt and cousins are gone, aren't they? Well, cheer up; I will stay here until they return. Are they unkind to you?"

I could not tell an untruth now, with the tear-stains still on my cheeks; so I replied "Miss Geraldine scolded me because I dropped her fan and broke the mirror, and Aunt Hester, too."

Here I completely broke down, and cried as if I was never going to stop. He sat awhile in silence, and let me sob undisturbed; then he said, laying his hand upon my head, "Don't give way to your grief; come, cheer, up; you are hurt by cross words and reproaches, but there is sunshine after rain. Mona, to-night you and I are drawing very near to each other; I, too, have been stung by ingratitude. I have sounded the depths of bitter waters and by the perfidy of one person I was sunk to the depths of despair. But I am out of this slough of despond, and am now far happier than I would have been had affairs gone differently. I am in a position which perhaps I should not have attained if I had gained what I coveted above all these at one time. I outgrew my bitter disappointment, and in my work I found a panacea.

"Now I am in a very tranquil state of mind; and Mona, little friend, I have observed you, and am aware you are not happy.

"We will sympathize with each other, and in our mutual friendship dispel part of the gloom."

His kind words, so mildly spoken, the most gentle that it had been my good fortune to hear since I was an inmate of my aunt's house, went to my lonely heart like a soothing balm.

I rallied, and soon we began to talk. The hours flew by rapidly.

"You and I are only beginning to know each other, Mona," said my new-found friend at last.

"We are going to be capital friends, and——"

No more was said, for aunt and cousins came in, and our evening together was cut short.

They were profuse in playful reproaches, and Mr. Shields was scolded in a pretty way for not attending the party.

He said, "Well, you see, I was detained by important business until I feared it was too late; then I dropped in here, thinking perhaps some of you were at home.

I found Miss Mona, and as she was all alone, I thought I should be doing my duty with her.

"So I stayed, and we have had quite a delightful talk."

Aunt Hester made some reply, and calculated to annihilate me.

They all seemed to want to box my ears.

So I just "folded my tent like an Arab, and as silently stole away."

The next morning I had my orders. I was given my dismissal.

I was soundly reprimanded for my forwardness, and my aunt and cousins took turns in taunting me.

Then I was spirited away in the night-time to my aunt's farm far out in the country, exiled, abandoned, driven away.

* * * * * * *

One evening I went to a neighbor's to get a book.

The short winter day was closing in on my return.

A wagon passed me.

Its occupant, a man, was muffled up; he looked at me as he passed; the ejaculation, "Mona!" came out in a very emphatic manner. I looked up; it was Kenneth Shields.

Hurriedly he jumped out.

"Mona, where are you going? Is this where you have been all this time? I made bold to inquire your whereabouts, but your aunt gave me very unsatisfactory answers.

"You did steal away in a dreadfully mysterious manner.

"From standing at my elbow you fled into the vast unknown."

I could hardly speak for joy; for the light in Kenneth's eyes was clearly that of love.

I no longer accused myself of vanity when I confessed with delight that he really did think of me.

Well, it is the old, old story.

The next day I bade adieu to the dreary farm, and with my promised husband started for the city, on reaching which we went to his sister's where I stayed till we were quietly married.

Then we took rail to my aunt's, and Kenneth introduced me as "Mrs. Shields" to aunt and cousins.

They were astounded and ashamed, and I confess that the sudden transformation from plain Mona Norton to Mrs. Kenneth Shields quite startled me.

They welcomed us in a tolerably hospitable manner, and for form's sake we stayed to dinner; still a latent spark of resentment lingered underneath the show of good-will.

"Mona, dear," said my husband when we were alone, "were you resigned to your fate, and would you have made no effort to let me know your place of residence? You did not intend to forget me?"

"Indeed, I did not; and if you had not come to rescue me, I don't think I could have gone on living. But I am happy now so let us forget the past."

THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn, which is so continually heard in some parts of Switzerland, has many legends attached to it. The following is one story of its origin:—A young herdsman, sleeping in his loft, was one night aroused by wonderful music which made him weep for pleasure. Peering down he saw three men in the kitchen apparently engaged in making cheese. After they had separated the curds from the whey, they poured the whey into three buckets. In one it appeared red, in one green, and in one as white as snow. Then they called to the herdsman to come down: and the man standing by the red bucket, who was of gigantic proportions and had a voice like thunder, invited him to choose and drink the bloody liquid which should give him strength and energy above all his companions. The stranger who held the green bucket, who was of a milder aspect, bade him drink and inherit the finest herds and richest pastures of the Alps. The third offered only the instrument to make such music as he had listened to. The herdsman, still under the influence of the enchanting strains, chose and drank the white liquor.

Immediately the three men vanished, the fire which they had kindled went out, but from its expiring spark sprang a horn, which the herdsman seized and played upon till morning. He took it to the mountains with his flock, and with it saluted a pretty shepherdess whom he had loved from his childhood, and who returned his affection. Afterwards, he learned one day that her father had promised her in marriage to a rich citizen of Berne, and in a fit of desperation he resolved to quit his native mountains. He hid his precious horn among the rocks, and became a soldier in a foreign country. After many years had passed, a great homesickness fell upon him and he returned to his native valley.

He wandered forth to the mountains, and was met by an old shepherd, who gave him a letter. It was from his beloved, whom he had thought false to him. "I leave this letter to tell thee I died faithful to thee. I know thou wilt some day return to thy home." Wild with grief, he wandered on, not knowing where he went, till he espied his horn in the crevice where he had hidden it. He mechanically put it to his lips, and, as the mountain echoes replied to him, he fancied that it was the voice of his lost love. He blew again a blast so tremendous that all the valley heard and wondered, but in the effort his heart broke and his spirit passed away.

Bric-a-Brac.

FANS.—The fashion of carrying fans was brought from Italy in the time of Henry VIII., and young men used them in the 16th and 17th century.

PRETTY.—Abdalla, the father of Mahomet, was a poor camel driver, but so handsome that when he married, two hundred despairing maidens died broken hearted.

PRIMITIVE ARCHITECTURE.—The Egyptians of to-day commence the building of a house by tracing an outline plain on the ground with the aid of a sack of plaster.

RUNRIG.—This is a term applied to a kind of cultivation once common throughout Scotland, in which the alternate patches or ridges of a field belonged to different proprietors or tenants.

THE SUNFLOWER.—The leaves of the sunflower are employed by the Chinese as a substitute for, or for mixing with, tobacco. Its fibre they use to adulterate and dye their silken fabrics.

THE COLORS.—White, the emblem of innocence and purity; red the color of passion; blue, constancy; green, hope; pink, love; violet friendship; brown indifference; black, death and despair.

NO SALT.—An old law in Holland, condemned criminals to be wholly deprived of salt as the severest punishment in that moist country. The effect was that they were a prey to internal parasites.

THE GRAY MARE.—Among the notes to the third chapter of his History of England, Lord Macaulay alludes to the vulgar proverb that "the gray mare is the better horse," attributing its rise to the preference given in the seventeenth century to the gray mares of Flanders over the coach-horses of England.

DOG AND CAT.—A New York lady had a pet dog and cat that were very fond of each other and never quarrelled. When the dog wished to go into the kitchen he would stand by the door and puss would jump up, catch one paw on the latch and press the other on the thumb piece, and, as the door swung open, she would drop down on the dog's back and ride in in triumph.

HINDOO BABIES.—It is said that when a Hindoo priest baptizes a little babe he uses the following words: "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smiles, contrive to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep." Let's see, these Hindoo people are the ones that we send tracts to, are they not? Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have them send us some of their religion in exchange for the tracts.

LADIES AND SPELLING.—Ladies of rank in the last century did not know how to spell very well. Lady Strafford wrote of the death-struggles of her favorite dog, "poor charming Pube" as follows: "As it loved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at any body in its horrid torter but nusse its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for thre days as if it had been for a childe or husband."

INSECT ORCHESTRA.—In Gardiner's *Music of Nature*, we are told on what notes the buzz of Bees and the hum of other insects is pitched. He says, "The Gnat hums in A; the Death-watch calls in B flat; the Cricket chirps in B natural; the buzz of a Bee-hive is F; a House-fly hums in F first space; the Humble-bee an octave lower; and a Cockchafer in D below the line. A whole orchestra might be composed of insect voices, the Dor-beetle taking the bass, the Gnats the trumpets, and so on."

ALASTOR.—In classical mythology this name is used as a surname of Zeus or Jupiter. It is also used to signify a deity who punishes—the never-forgetting, revengeful house demon or spirit who, in consequence of some crime perpetrated, persecutes a family from generation. According to the belief of the time, if Cicero had killed himself by the fireside of Augustus, the family of the latter would have been persecuted for generations by Alastor. There are various opinions about Alastor. Some of the early writers thought he was the same as Azael; others that he was the demon himself.

GETTING EVEN.—On a Lake Shore going into Detroit the other day a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years old, and the groom being a dapper little chap a year or two younger. A lady who came aboard at Wyandotte took a seat just ahead, and after a few minutes she heard the pair criticising her bonnet and cloak and general style. Without showing the least resentment in her countenance she turned around in her seat and said: "Madam, will you have your son close the window behind you?" The 'son' closed his mouth instead, and the 'madam' didn't giggle again for sixteen miles.

HOPELESS.

BY O. J.

I feel that all the flowers of life
  Have faded in my grasp,
And now but dead and dying stalks
  My weary fingers clasp.

I raise them to my quivering lips,
  I press them to my heart—
But, oh! no freshness there I find,
  No dewy perfumes start!

From out their dreary, blackened depths;
  And so I lose my hold,
And let them moulder into dust—
  Their little story told.

While I go on to tread a path
  By fruits and flowers unblest,
With ceaseless, aching sense of pain
  That will not let me rest.

THE MYSTERY OF BRITELEIGH HALL.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER IV.

WE started off as for dear life.

At first, the mare shied a little, and seemed inclined to be troublesome. But she found that it was a practised hand that held the reins, and resigned herself to obedience accordingly.

Instead of driving down the avenue to the gate which led into the village, and which was only about three hundred yards from the house, I turned off sharply on leaving the yard, and chose the gravel-road which, leading to the principal entrance of the mansion, passed on through the entire breadth of the park to another gate on the far side of it, and which opened into the high-road.

By adopting this course, the odds were considerably in my favor, for I hoped to reach the park gate and emerge into the high-road before any one could start in pursuit.

Once fairly on the road, I would try the mettle of the mare.

If, unfortunately, we should be overtaken, and it came to a close fight—which I scarcely doubted—the farther we were from Briteleigh Hall the better, and the greater chance I should have of dividing our pursuers and grappling with them singly.

Of one thing I was certain, and it rendered me sanguine of success—as Mr. Wintock only kept two horses beside the mare, only two mounted horsemen could follow. He would not try a vehicle; for his others were heavier than the gig, and would place our pursuers at a great disadvantage.

"Soho, soho, lass!—steady!" as the mare, being fresh from the stable, began to lay her ears back and to address herself to her work.

It was with difficulty that I could restrain her from dashing off at full speed.

We should require her utmost by-and-by. I did not wish to wind my animal at starting, but to husband her strength for a long pull.

Steadily across the park at a sharp trot.

The gate is reached.

Throwing the reins to Miss Wintock, I leaped down, unbarred the gate, and led the mare through.

Up again and off, but rather faster than before, though I still held the mare in check, for I could see there was a heavy drag for her up a long steep hill a few miles distant.

If we can only reach its summit, we will then be not more than a dozen miles from Raleigh station, whence we can reach the metropolis.

It was rather a trying task for the mare; but she must and shall do it.

Miss Wintock had scarcely spoken since our exit from the Hall, seeming as if fearful of distracting my attention, but evidently in a great state of excitement; and every sense is on the alert, for she looks back repeatedly and earnestly through the looming darkness, and starts nervously at the slightest sound.

The foot of the hill is gained.

It is a much heavier drag for the mare than I had anticipated; for the road on this part has lately been gravelled, and with a vehicle behind and two persons in it, no animal can fairly be expected to ascend it at full trot.

Suddenly Miss Wintock grasps my arm.

"Listen!

"They are already on our track!"

I turn my head.

The sharp metallic ring of horses' hoofs strikes faintly on the ear.

We are pursued, and by more than one person; there are at least two on our trail, and they are following us at full speed.

No doubt the Wintocks have saddled the extra horse, and will leave unurged no means, fair or foul, to regain their captive.

The mare toils and pants as the steep acclivity begins to tell upon her powers.

It is brutal to give her the whip, but it must be done.

She must strain every muscle to the utmost, even though I feel that I am doing the plucky animal a gross injustice.

We are more than halfway up the hill, and the remainder is not nearly so steep; in fact, simply a gentle rise.

With a snort, a proud toss of her flowing mane, and a loud neigh of defiance, she pricks up her ears and increases her speed. She has caught the clatter of the rattling hoofs behind, and, with the instinct and emulation of all spirited animals, is determined not to be distanced.

Gallant creature!

Not another stroke with the whip, if I have to fight our battle out on foot on the road.

Indeed, there is no occasion; on gaining the ridge of the hill she has bolted.

The foam is frothing and dripping in fleeces from her bit; the wheels are whirling with a fierceness that renders us dizzy. I can hear and feel the strain upon the shafts as her iron-clad heels dash the sparks from the flints on the road, and every instant expect them to snap like rotten tow.

Will the axles hold and the springs stand? The friction is enough to make tires and spokes fly asunder.

The moon is just rising above the horizon.

By her light we can discern two mounted riders coming on behind at a great pace; one is considerably in advance of the other. No doubt they are the Wintocks.

They are gaining rapidly upon us. Ah! the foremost is Mr. George.

I recognize the horse also.

It is the swift supple bay he usually rides—and which is more than a match for the mare at any time, much more so with a vehicle and two persons behind her.

There is no help for it, and we cannot escape an encounter.

How furiously our pursuers ride! George Wintock is within a hundred yards.

I fancy I can see by the light of the moon that his visage is ghastly with passion.

I can see his coadjutor strike the rowels fiercely into the flanks of his charger, in order to come up with him.

The mare is getting over her pet, and is slackening her speed.

I tighten my grasp of the reins and speak coaxingly to her.

She is under command and well in hand. Shall we pull up at once and do battle? No; we will hold on till the last minute.

The foremost rider is close upon us; the second is not far behind.

With loud imprecations, they shout to us to stop.

I glance at my companion.

The cool night-air and the hope of escape have wrought wonders.

The stern, almost fierce light on those lustrous dark eyes reassures me.

"Can you take the reins for a minute?"

She stretched out her delicate fingers by way of reply.

"Pull evenly and not too tightly.

"Keep her in the middle of the road if you can.

"Be cool, and let her go her own pace."

"Draw up, or you're a dead man!"

I turned.

George Wintock was within a yard of me, his hunting-whip raised, the heavy handle about to descend upon my skull.

Springing to my feet and balancing myself as best I might, I poised the gig-whip, parrying his blow and keeping him at bay. Finding that I had the longer weapon, he immediately changed his tactics for a dastardly mode of attack, of which no man, let alone a sportsman, who is supposed to love his horse, could ever possibly be guilty.

Spurring his steed, he rode past me to the mare's head, and raising himself in the stirrups, aimed a crushing blow just behind the ears, intending to fell her to the ground, in which case we should in the melee have been at his mercy.

It was well meant; but at the critical instant the animal swerved slightly, so as to evade its full force.

It was, however, sufficiently powerful to make her stumble and sink almost upon her knees.

But the ruffian had for once reckoned without his host.

He was within reach of my whip-handle, and, as the mare rose, I, wrought to a pitch of desperation by our position, and incensed by his cowardly and brutal act, swung the butt-end with resistless force, striking him on the side of the head, breaking the whip-handle into several pieces, and hurling him headlong against the bank by the roadside. I had the satisfaction of seeing his horse gallop riderless away.

A shriek burst from Miss Wintock, and I clutched the reins.

It was high time, for the poor mare, mad with agony, was up on her hind legs, fighting with her fore-feet in the air.

For a second it seemed as if we should topple over; the next, she was staggering from side to side like a drunken man.

Mechanically, I drew one of my small pistols—in my excitement, I had till that moment entirely forgotten them.

"Keep off, sir!—keep off, as you value your life!" I shouted to the elder Wintock, for he was close upon us.

His reply was a torrent of imprecations and threats.

"Give it to me!

"You attend to the mare," cried the heroic girl as she snatched the pistol quickly from my hand.

"I know how to use it, and I will not be retaken alive!"

In truth, there was full occupation for both my hands, as momentarily I expected the poor animal to fall in her flurry.

It was as much as I could do to keep her on her legs.

Encumbered with the mare, there was no chance of defending myself in the gig.

I was about to pull up short, jump into the road, and face the enemy on foot, when a heavy blow from the butt-end of Mr. Wintock's whip across the back of my head knocked me from my seat.

Had I not let go the reins with one hand and caught at the side of the gig, I should have fallen on the mare's back.

As it was, I slipped sideways to the bottom of the gig, leaning powerless against the splashboard.

The mare gave a lurch, and was nearly down, but with a struggle recovered her footing.

Mr. Wintock's arm was raised to repeat the blow.

I gave myself up for lost, for he struck with tremendous force.

Suddenly there was a vivid flash and a loud report.

Miss Wintock had fired straight at our assailant, who on the instant had pulled up short, so that the ball struck the animal instead of the man!

Stung with the wound, alarmed at the noise, it uttered a loud snort, bounded aside and galloped a short distance, and then fell, Mr. Wintock narrowly escaping being crushed as it stumbled and rolled upon the ground.

The report of the pistol startled the mare and seemed to arouse her failing energies.

Pricking up her ears, she shook herself till the harness rattled again; then started forward at a brisk pace, though not nearly so fast as before.

The Wintocks had got the worst of the encounter.

Yet our plight was but a sorry one.

I could scarcely keep my seat in the gig, from the effects of the blow, which had almost stunned me.

My wound, too, bled profusely, saturating Miss Wintock's white kerchief, which, as we rode along, she had contrived to bind around my head, in spite of her own nervous agitation.

We had gained the level road and our progress was easier.

But the mare had been cruelly used, and it was evident she would not stand a long journey without rest.

The station was still many miles distant. In her present state, she must break down long ere we could reach it.

Indeed, I was far from feeling sure that I could myself hold out during such a journey.

There was, too, just a chance that Mr. Wintock, being well acquainted with the locality, might, by misrepresenting the case—or by bribery, or by an admixture of both—procure fresh horses and aid without returning to Briteleigh Hall, and then recommence the pursuit.

It was an ugly fact—I had literally stolen his mare and gig.

I had also eloped with his ward; for so he might term it, though she was no longer a minor.

These, on the face of things, were plausible pretexts by which he might almost command assistance from any reasonable person.

Before us stretched a long dreary common, which we must cross.

There might be other dangers, from tramps or from gangs of gipsies, who not unfrequently encamped in that locality. In my present state I could be of but little use to my fair companion as a defender.

Miss Wintock seemed to share my unspoken thoughts.

Turning to me, she said: "Mr. Meredith, you have been brought into sad trouble on my account.

"It would have been better, perhaps, for you to have left me to my fate."

"My dear young lady, do not pain me by indulging such a thought for a moment. If occasion demanded it, I would gladly do the same again.

"The risk to me is nothing.

"I only wish I could see my way clearly what next to do for the best.

"But I confess myself totally at a loss." I spoke faintly and despondingly.

"Can we not seek shelter for a while, at least at the first inn we happen upon? Your wound could be looked to, and the mare might rest a little."

"I fear that would not do.

"The Wintocks, knowing we are on the high-road, will probably guess that we shall make all haste to the metropolis.

"Depend upon it, they will not part with you without another effort.

"It is now getting very late.

"If we stop at all, we must put up till the morning; for I do not see how we could start again from a strange inn till early dawn.

"No doubt our pursuers will make every inquiry in following us, and will be quickly on our track.

"What if they should overtake us and give me in charge to a constable for stealing the horse and gig?

"Not that I care for myself; but you would be left without a protector, and entirely at their mercy.

"And yet I fear that I could do but little in that way just now.

"Indeed, I am at my wits' end; for it is plain that we cannot travel much farther in our present plight."

"Then why not leave the high road at once?

"See! there are lights in the valley yonder to the left; and there is a turning a little farther on, which apparently leads that way.

"Let us try it. Possibly we may find a safe refuge.

"They will not dream that we dare stay so near the Hall.

"If they look for us at all, it will be farther away."

The suggestion struck me as a capital one; and in fact there seemed to be no alternative.

"Good!" I said.

"A lady's wit excels a man's invention any time."

So saying, I turned the mare's head, and leaving the high road across the common, drove steadily down to the spot where the lights appeared.

About two miles' distant we found a scattered village.

The lights we had seen were reflected as from the windows of the only inn in the place.

The house was just about to be closed for the night; for the one or two who always stay to the last minute to drain an extra glass, were departing—some of them with rather an unsteady gait.

Ringing the yard-bell, I gave the mare and gig into the sleepy hostler's keeping, and, with Miss Wintock on my arm, walked into the house.

Bonitace was seated in the big parlor, taking it very easily.

Making myself quite at home, I handed my companion to a chair, and called for refreshments.

While he was serving us I said, "Landlord, I want a sleeping apartment for this young lady."

The fellow was a mere clod—sheepish, carroty-haired and bloated; apparently a good-tempered kind of being, yet sufficiently astute where his own interest was concerned.

He eyed us both for a moment very suspiciously.

Truly, neither of us cut a very respectable figure.

Miss Wintock in her plain dark dress, surmounted by old Martha's horribly antiquated bonnet and threadbare shawl; and I with my wounded head bound up in a blood-stained handkerchief.

There was sufficient reason for the man's distrust.

"Very sorry, sir—very sorry, indeed; can't have it.

"Never let beds to strange folks this time o'night."

"Well; but you see—" I commenced remonstrating.

He gruffly cut my speech short.

"Nea, I say, I doan't, and I doan't want to.

"You can't have any beds here; and that settles it."

At this juncture the landlady entered the room.

She seemed to be rather a genteel sort of person compared with her spouse, and to be about retiring.

I at once appealed to her.

"Madam, I am requesting the landlord to oblige me with a night's accommodation for this young lady.

"We have been attacked on the road and compelled to turn out of our way, and we cannot possibly reach our destination tonight.

"I am agreeable to rest any place myself—a shakedown in the barn, or the sofa in the corner there.

"Put me where you please, only make the young lady comfortable.

"You have my horse and gig in the stable; put them under lock and key as security, if you like.

"We are willing to pay any reasonable charge as well, in advance. What more can you require?"

As I spoke I took out my purse, not very heavily lined, but sufficiently so for present need.

Money Miss Wintock had none.

The landlady glanced suspiciously at the young lady.

She could not, judging from her facial expression, make her out at all.

Her costume was decidedly not that of a lady; but the word "attacked" awakened her curiosity.

"Deary me! attacked by them there tramps.

"I am glad they did not rob you, for I see you still have your purse.

"How did you manage to get away from them?"

And then she hurriedly proceeded with a string of eager questions, scarcely waiting for a reply.

"She is really a lady born and bred," I interrupted.

"You surely will not turn her out at this hour of the night!"

"But I cannot understand why a lady should come abroad in such a dress as that," she said, sarcastically.

While she spoke an idea seemed to force itself into her mind, and she archly added, "Unless it is a runaway match.

"In that case my husband and I would rather have nothing to do with it.

"We might get into trouble."

"I sh'ud think not—I sh'ud think not; no runaway folks in Bob Simpson's house, if he knows it.

"Come, young people, you must go fudder; we can't have folks like you here," blurted out the landlord, moving from the room, and calling to the hostler:

"Ben, put that mare in agen; lady and gent's goin' on."

I was about to remonstrate further and more strongly; but Miss Wintock rose indignantly to her feet.

Hitherto her natural shyness, combined with the false and very unpleasant position in which she was placed, had kept her silent.

Unpinning the old shawl, and raising the hideous bonnet, she shook her glossy black hair until it hung down in clustering masses over her shoulders.

"Yes, landlord, I am a lady—though you seem to doubt it—and a very shamefully oppressed and injured one.

"I am not compelled to enlighten a stranger respecting my private affairs; but this gentleman has just risked his life in my service.

"You see he is not in a fit state to drive me on to the next town, even if it were not so late.

"I beg of you as a man—if you have any manhood in you—and for humanity's sake, to accede to his request.

"I pledge you my word, my honor as a lady," she continued, proudly and passionately, and with a short, scornful laugh, "that you incur no risk.

"We are not burglars, that you should dread us so."

The moment Miss Wintock threw aside her bonnet and began to speak, the landlady fixed upon her an earnest, scrutinizing look, bending forward, with parted lips, and scanning her features narrowly.

"Why—surely—can it be?" she cried, in wonderment, eagerly seizing the young lady by both hands.

"Why, Bob, 'tis Miss Wintock, as I'm alive!

"Don't you remember my dear young mistress that used to be at the Hall?

"Oh, my dear young lady, who could have dreamed of seeing you in such a predicament!

"What has happened? Where have you been so long?

"They said you left the Hall and went abroad after your poor pa's death.

"Stay here!

"Yes; that you shall, for a twelvemonth, if you like, and have the best bed in the house, too."

The sudden outburst of the landlady took Miss Wintock by surprise, and the warm-hearted creature rattled on in such voluble style as to admit of no reply.

Bob Simpson had returned to the bar-parlor, after bawling out his orders to the hostler from the passage, and had stood as if stupefied during Miss Wintock's transformation and passionate appeal.

It was more than his limited stock of brains could cope with.

He had half turned away again, possibly with the intention of hastening the hostler's movements.

But his wife's exclamations brought him to a sudden halt, and he remained staring and gaping with open mouth, as the mutual recognition took place, Mrs. Simpson, in her delight, almost forcing Miss Wintock back into the chair from which she had risen.

"Eh!

"What?

"Bless me! Miss Wintock!

"I declare, who'd ha' thought it! How d'ye do, miss?

"Very glad to see ye, and thank'ee kindly."

And he took her tiny hand in both his great rough clumsy ones, and caressed it fondly.

Off again he started quickly into the passage and to the back door which led into the yard.

"Ben!" he shouted, "take that mare out agen.

"Gie her a good rub down, and feed her well.

"Lady and gen'l'man ain't a goin' on agen."

It was a lucky hit our turning off from the high-road, for the landlady proved to have been an attached servant of Miss Wintock's parents, who had lived with them first when quite a girl, had grown to womanhood in their service, and afterwards married a well-to-do, though not very intellectual partner.

The numerous kindnesses she had received from her dear young mistress, as she still fondly termed her, and whose special attendant she had been, now bore grateful fruit; and she was most assiduous in her kind attentions to both, though it was evident that her curiosity was excited to the highest pitch by Miss Wintock's sudden appearance at such a time, alone, in such company as mine, and above all things in such a strange attire.

"Ye're safe housed for the rest o' this night, miss, at least," said our host, as, poising his glass to drink the young lady's very good health, he glanced up at the old-fashioned blunderbuss suspended over the mantel-piece, and to which was appended a card with "Loaded" inscribed upon it in legible characters.

"I shu'd like to see any little half dozen on 'em try to git you out o' Bob Simpson's house!

"I'd make em—"

But here the action of his brain did not keep pace with the warmth of his feelings, and he was at a loss for a simile.

"Ah!" he blurted out at last, "I'd make every one on 'em grin like a monkey with his head on a choppin'-block."

"Bravo! my worthy friend; you're every inch a man," I replied, grasping his hand. Once safe in London, we do not fear.

"It is the getting there.

"I don't think it likely we shall be traced till daylight.

"Then, no doubt the Wintocks will be on the alert, and scour the neighborhood far and near.

"A thousand unlucky chances may happen to bring us together; or they may even now have procured fresh horses and proceeded to Raleigh, and intercept us when we arrive in the morning, when we enter the suburbs."

"Now, listen to me a minute, Bob," interrupted his better half.

"It is only five miles across country by the byroads to Slowham station.

[This I did not previously know.]

"The train passes through on its way to London at eight in the morning.

"I will lend Miss Wintock another dress and a bonnet and cloak.

"You let Mr. Meredith have your loose overcoat, and the broad-brimmed hat you drive to market in.

"It is rather too large, but we can easily pad it.

"Ralph shall drive the pony and cart over with them the first thing in the morning, so as to be in good time. He needs to know nothing.

"As soon as they are fairly on the road, let Ben start with the mare and gig for the Hall.

"It won't do for them to be found on our premises, that might get us into an awkward mess.

"Should he meet any of the Wintock's people on the road, he can speak the truth, and say that a lady and gentleman left them here to-night, desiring them to be sent back in the morning.

"And if not, let him drive on to the Hall, and leave them in the yard with the same message.

"To-morrow being market-day, he is sure to get a lift part of the way back at any rate."

Shortly after settling our plan of action we retired to our several rooms, but only for a short space, for we were astir again before daylight.

Bob and his spouse insisted upon giving up their bed to Miss Wintock; whilst I lay down in a spare one.

Punctual to the minute agreed upon, Ralph was at the Inn-door with the pony and cart, and we took a grateful and affectionate leave of our host and hostess.

We reached Slowham just in time to catch the train, and by noon we were safe within the precincts of the metropolis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Papa's Blessing.

M. M. G.

I HAVE asked Wynn to come out this evening to talk over a little business, Dora. If he should arrive before I get here, you must see to him until I come. Be kind and polite to him, my dear.

"He is a very well-meaning and unassuming fellow, and the most useful book-keeper I ever had.

"He has seemed a little out of sorts lately, and I am sure would be most grateful for any little attention from you."

This Richard Blair, the rich tea-merchant, had said to his daughter in the morning, on leaving his villa at Richmond for the city, with an amount of pompous condescension which clearly manifested his sentiments with regard to book-keepers and their kind.

Dora was an obedient daughter, as her reception of her father's guest that evening plainly showed.

But certainly the worthy tea-merchant would have found abundant cause to retract his opinion as to the same guest's modest and unassuming character if he had been a witness of his demeanor on that occasion.

No sooner had the door closed upon the servant who ushered him into the presence of his young mistress than—totally unabashed and unblushing—he took the young girl into his arms, only releasing her after leaving upon her ripe red lips at least half a dozen warm kisses.

Dora, not appearing in the least surprized or disconcerted at this greeting, bore unflinchingly the situation for fully two minutes before she blushingly drew back and endeavored to bring into something like order her soft brown hair, which, with the dainty ruffles at her throat, has become somewhat disarranged by the welcome she had so obediently given her father's guest.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, Harry," she remarked, with a bewildering glance from beneath the thick lashes shading the large gray eyes.

"I should think so indeed—quite an age!" he responded.

"I managed to get away half an hour before the time your father told me he should be home, hoping to see you alone; but he will be sure to turn up before he's expected—it's just my luck!"

"Harry, do you know why my father has sent for you to-night?"

"I haven't an idea, excepting that it's something about the branch of the business in Hongkong."

"I can enlighten you a little then, though I hardly think you will be as pleased as my father seems to expect.

"One of the men in the house out there has just died; he had rather a responsible position, I believe, and papa wants to send you out to take his place."

"As if anything could induce me to leave England for you, Dora!" cried the young man.

"I am afraid you must go, Harry," was the girl's rather sorrowful response.

"You know my father; your refusal to obey his wishes would probably make something very like an enemy of him, and render matters between us even more hopeless than they are at present."

"Dora, I must speak to your father," the young man cried excitedly.

"When he finds that his daughter's happiness is involved, he can't be heartless enough to refuse our united prayers. He seems to feel rather kindly towards me. Anything would be better than this uncertainty."

"No, dear Harry.

"Believe me, it would only be exchanging uncertainty for positive resignation of all our hopes.

"I know my father well, and it is useless to hide from myself and you that he loves money far better than his child.

"He has declared over and over again that he never will give his consent to my marriage with a man poorer than himself; and I know he never will retract his word."

"And you advise me to go off to China, with the probability of never seeing you again, Dora? Nothing can be worse than that, surely!"

"Oh, Harry, I must have time to think! I heard of it only this morning," cried Dora, on the verge of tears.

"There comes papa now, and I have so much still to say to you.

"I must see you again,

"Could you manage to come down on Thursday at this time.

"My father is going to dinner in the city on that evening."

"Of course I can," responded Harry, just as the door opened to admit the master of the establishment.

"Oh, Wynn, you arrived first! Prompt as ever—a most excellent quality in a young man.

"I hope my daughter has made you comfortable—eh, Dora?"

"I tried to do so papa," responded the young lady demurely.

"I suppose my company can be dispensed with now?"

"Yes, my dear, you may go. By-the-way you may as well send us a bottle of wine, please."

"Well Wynn," began the merchant, when the two men were left alone, as he walked up and down the room, evidently satisfied with himself and all the world, "I have to tell you that there is excellent news from America; we have closed the contract with that firm in New York of which you have heard me speak, and the transaction will bring us in something very like twenty thousand pounds. Not at all a bad job—eh, Wynn?"

"You are usually fortunate, sir," answered Wynn, a little bitterly.

"I have something else to say which will interest you more nearly. We have just heard of the death of Jones, our secretary at Hongkong, and I am called upon to send some one to fill his place. It's rather a good position, and we need some one we can trust.

"I've been rather pleased with the way you've done your duties lately, and I've been thinking—hem!—in short, I've made up my mind to give you the place."

"But sir," began Wynn, in desperation.

"Oh, no thanks! I know you appreciate it and all that of course, and I'm sure we shall be satisfied with you. Could you be ready to go next month?"

"I will think it over, sir. I suppose it is not necessary to give you my answer for a day or two?"

"No, certainly not," replied the merchant, a little surprised at Wynn's way of receiving such a piece of good fortune.

Then followed an announcement which, for an instant, caused the book-keeper to turn hot and cold with lightning rapidity.

"Perhaps you will be interested in a piece of family news which has given me the greatest satisfaction, Wynn. My daughter is to be married."

"Impossible!

"I mean, sir, I had heard nothing of it," stammered poor Wynn.

"Eh?" exclaimed the merchant, staring at his companion in astonishment.

"No, I suppose not. The fact of the matter is, Miss Blair doesn't know of it herself yet; but she will, of course, be as pleased as I am.

"The letter only came to-day from an old friend of mine who made millions—millions my boy—in sugar, and writes proposing a marriage between his only son and my daughter.

"The young man has seen my Dora somewhere, it seems, and was quite smitten with the sly little puss.

"He is coming to us on a visit next week. Now haven't I cause for rejoicing to-day, Wynn?"

"Pray accept my congratulations, sir," replied the book-keeper lugubriously.

"By-the-way, Wynn," the merchant went on, after a moment's pause devoted to golden anticipations, "it has struck me that you have been rather down in the mouth lately. Are you out of health?"

"Oh, no, sir, thank you—not at all!" responded the young man hurriedly, rather disconcerted by this unusual solicitude in his behalf.

The delight with which the merchant had that day heard of the success of business schemes likely to make an important addition to the banking account of the firm and anticipations of the marriage to be made by his daughter, had filled his heart with a sort of comfortable condescending benevolence and goodwill to all the world, which descended even to the affairs of so unimportant a personage as his book-keeper.

"Have you had any bad news?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you are in debt. Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, Wynn.

"I feel quite a fatherly interest in you, I assure you, and I might do something to help you.

"I shouldn't at all mind advancing a hundred pounds or so."

"I thank you most gratefully Mr. Blair; but I have no debts."

"Then there is nothing else for it, boy; you certainly are in love!"

Wynn started, blushing to the very roots of his hair, but could find no words to reply, while the merchant stared at him for a moment, and then laughed uproariously, rubbing his hands with glee as he exclaimed—

"There, I have it at last! Come, out with it, young man; what's the trouble? Won't she have you?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Wynn, in an agony; "but she is rich and I am poor. Her father would never consent."

"Pooh, pooh!

"Is that all?

"You surely ought to be able to manage that somehow.

"Is it indiscreet to ask who the young lady is?

"Do I know the family?"

"I am afraid—it wouldn't do—to mention her name," said poor Wynn, looking wildly about for some means to escape.

"Well do I know the father?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant reflected for a moment, then brought his fist down upon the table with a vehemence which made the wine-glasses rattle.

"I have it now!"

Wynn turned fairly cold.

"You needn't say 'Yes' or 'No,' nor commit yourself in anyway; but I think I've got your secret.

"It's old Brooks's daughter!

"I've seen you twice with the young woman lately.

"Old Brooks got the best of me in a business transaction the other day, and I'd like to be even with him.

"Anyway, whoever the girl is, I'm disposed to help you."

"How, sir?" gasped Wynn.

"Why—hem!—if the old fellow won't give his consent, why shouldn't you do without it?

"What do you think of eloping with the young woman?"

"What, sir?" cried Wynn, hardly believing his ears. "You really advise me to do that?"

"Yes—why not?

"What's more, I'll give you the price of a wedding-present and lend you my carriage any night you like to be off, besides throwing in my blessing into the bargain! I know a clergyman a few miles from here, who would do the job willingly, especially if I give you a note to him. I did him a favor once."

"And you positively will give us your blessing and assistance, no matter who the young lady may be?" exclaimed the book-keeper.

"Positively," replied his employer, firm in the conviction that here was a delightful opportunity of becoming revenged upon a man who had assailed him in his weakest point—his pocket.

"I will help you without asking any questions.

"We must teach the grasping old sinner that his daughter's affections are not an article of merchandise.

"Nobody need be ashamed of you for a son-in-law, Wynn, my boy."

"Thank you, sir," responded the young man faintly.

"Just consult the young woman, and, if all's right in that quarter, let me know the day, and the carriage and the price of the license shall not be wanting. I shall not go back from my promise."

Wynn did not fail to keep his appointment at Richmond the following Thursday evening, finding Dora at home and alone, as he had hoped.

The next morning, when Mr. Blair entered his counting-house, he found his book-keeper waiting anxiously to speak with him.

"Well, Wynn, is anything the matter?" asked the merchant, a little surprised at seeing the young man at so unusual an hour.

"Has anything new turned up about the American affair?"

"No, sir," Wynn stammered, blushing like the veriest schoolgirl.

"I am not here to speak of business. I must beg your pardon for trespassing upon your time at this hour; but you were so very kind a few days ago as to promise——"

"Well, out with it, man!"

"That you would assist me——"

"Aha—the young woman! I remember now!" exclaimed Mr. Blair laughing heartily.

"So you have seen her? What does she think of your plan?"

"She has consented, sir," faltered the book-keeper, keeping his face carefully hidden behind the lid of a desk in which, to all appearances, he was busily searching. "On the day after to-morrow evening, if convenient to you——"

"The sooner the better!

"My boy, I am quite ready to keep my word."

As he spoke, the merchant turned to his desk and filled up a check, which he handed to his companion.

"There is the wedding-present of which I spoke.

"Of course you must get a special license. My carriage will also be at your service at whatever time and place you choose to appoint.

"By-the-way, what does the young lady think of the China project?

"I hope your marriage will not affect your decision with regard to it."

"She is anxious that I should do whatever is most pleasing to you, sir."

"Ah, I see she is a sensible woman! I should like to call in the course of the evening, after the ceremony is over, and offer my congratulations, if you and Mrs. Wynn intend to remain in London."

"Thank you, sir.

"I was going to ask something of the kind. We expect to stop at Grosvenor Hotel."

"Should you like a week's holiday?"

"Not at present, thank you," answered Wynn, guiltily that he was extremely likely to be given a much more prolonged holiday than he desired.

"Very well, my boy. I wish you all manner of luck.

"Return in the course of the morning, and I will give you the letter I promised to my friend the clergyman."

About nine o'clock p.m. on the day of the marriage Mr. Blair, adorned with the unusual splendor of kid gloves and a white neck-tie, and carrying an enormous bouquet of roses and orange-blossoms, entered the Grosvenor Hotel and inquired for Mr. and Mrs. Wynn.

He was told that the gentleman had been at the hotel in the morning and engaged rooms for himself and wife, but had not as yet appeared with the lady.

"Then I will wait in their rooms until they arrive; it can't be long now," replied

the merchant; and he was shown into the pleasant little sitting-room reserved for the pair whom the astute clerk had already settled in his own mind to be bride and groom.

Mr. Blair had not long to wait, though in his present state of good humor he could very easily have borne a longer delay than the half hour he passed in well-satisfied musing over the good luck which lately seemed to have attended his every movement.

He had received a letter from the young man whom he hoped to call his son-in-law, appointing a day for his visit to Richmond, and the prospect of this marriage was above all a source of self-congratulation with him.

Then too this evening's event afforded him indescribable amusement, as he pictured to himself the wrath and consternation of the man who he had firmly convinced himself had injured him deeply when he discovered that his only daughter had bestowed herself upon an impecunious book-keeper.

All alone to himself Mr. Blair chuckled with malicious enjoyment over this most delightful of jokes, and rejoiced in his own share in bringing his enemy to confusion.

"I wonder how soon papa is to be told of the happy event," he soliloquized.

"Who knows?

"Perhaps it will be a family party to-night!"

Later the merchant had taken out his pocket-book and was deep in an abstruse calculation as to certain weighty transactions which might be undertaken when a little of the wealth of his prospective son-in-law had filtered into the firm when there was a sound of voices and footsteps in the hall, pausing at the door, and Mr. Blair knew that the bridal party had arrived.

Thrusting the book into his pocket and seizing the bouquet, he rose and stood in readiness, when the door was thrown open by the waiter, and, sure enough, Wynne entered, having on his arm a lady closely veiled.

The merchant advanced, bowing low, with outstretched hand, which was rather hesitatingly taken by the book-keeper, who muttered only a few half-incoherent words of thanks in reply to the congratulations offered him.

Mr. Blair scarcely noticed the young man's evident confusion, so occupied was he in vainly trying to discover his companion's identity through the thick veil which she had not as yet raised. There seemed to him something oddly familiar in her figure, though, much to his chagrin, he saw instantly that she was certainly some inches shorter than Miss Brooks.

"And your wife? Am I not to have the pleasure of making her acquaintance?" he said, feeling somehow vaguely uneasy.

Then the veil was slowly raised, to reveal the face of the merchant's own daughter, pale, frightened, beseeching; but still for a moment the man failed to understand.

"Dora!" he said, in bewilderment.

"What are you doing here?"

Dead silence followed; then the fairest of the merchant's castles in Spain fell with a crash.

"Can it be possible that you are this man's wife?"

"Yes, dear father, it is quite true," said the girl's pleading voice.

"Won't you try to forgive us? It can't make very much difference to you.

"You can't miss me, you know, for you never needed me, and I needed so sorely some one to love me!"

The book-keeper was holding his wife's hand firmly all the time, and only drew her a little closer to him as he added—

"We are far from deserving it, I know; but I hope you don't forget that you promised us your blessing, Mr. Blair."

The merchant was about to speak, but suddenly checked himself, and, turning abruptly, walked to the window, where, in total silence, he stood motionless for a few moments, battling with the bitterest disappointment of his life.

To his own surprise, even in the midst of his almost uncontrollable anger, something in his daughter's pathetic words caused him a pang of genuine self-reproach, as he suddenly realized what a lonely neglected life his child had led, while he, in his pursuit of wealth, had never known or cared for any needs she might have which money could not supply.

Was it strange that she should have sought abroad what she could never hope to find in her own home?

Then, too, the deed was irrevocable; no amount of opposition could render the marriage illegal; and, after all, Dora might have done worse, for what Wynne lacked in fortune he partly supplied in business capacity.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, something else struck Mr. Blair most uncomfortably. If he were to cast off these young people in anger, might they not in return make known to all their friends his own ridiculous part in this affair?

Might it not even come to the ears of the detested Brooks?

This decided him.

"This is a great disappointment to me, as you of course must know, Dora," he said at last, turning to his companions, who were awaiting his words in almost breathless suspense.

"However, the deed is done, and I suppose the most sensible thing is to make the best of what I must consider rather a bad job.

"I promised you my blessing, Wynne, and you shall have it, upon two conditions. The first is that you—and I suppose your wife—shall go to China, as I proposed."

"We are quite willing, sir," the book-keeper replied eagerly. "And the second condition?"

"That you never, either of you, disclose to any human being who was the promoter and instigator of your elopement."

"I promise, papa," said Dora.

"And so do I, sir," said the young husband immediately afterwards.

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next morning Lady Gladys Pallister sends a telegram to her brother. It is as short as it is peremptory.

It finds him at his club, and he obeys perforce.

He does not reach Kingscourt till late the following night.

Every one has gone to bed but Lady Gladys.

She sits up to receive him.

The story of Hereward's arrest is a secret no longer; it is the talk of the neighborhood

Every one is willing to believe in his guilt.

Many are, in fact, glad to have suspicion removed from themselves and their friends, and fastened upon this man, about whom nobody cares—who is a stranger in the place.

The night is a wild one; great gusts shake Kingscourt to its very foundations, rattle the windows, moan in the chimneys.

Lady Gladys, alone in the library, hears the wind sweeping down over the roaring woods, round the house, against the window panes.

The heaviest gusts are laden with a wild dash of rain.

She shivers over the fire in her scarlet dressing-gown, and almost wishes she had allowed Bab to sit up with her.

Ghostly footsteps seem to cross the echoing hall, ghostly fingers to tap against the panes, ghostly voices to whisper in the corners.

And surely the ghosts of dead Pallisers might well be restless to-night, when the guilt of blood is about to be brought home to one of their race!

Lady Gladys looks around at the dusky portraits hanging on the walls, and fancies she can see them frown and move their portentious eyes.

The clock ticks on monotonously, the wind howls, the faggots snap and crackle, the rain beats against the panes more steadily now.

It is a fearful night.

Every sound adds to the irritation and impatience in Lady Gladys's mind.

Eleven o'clock—twelve—one—and yet he does not come.

He would not come by train, he would probably post down, she thinks, with a shivering remembrance of the dark road from Kingsleigh, of the sobbing black woods about the mill.

Surely he will avoid that route if he possibly can!

Lady Gladys cannot remain still in her chair by the fire.

There is a vague, horrible anxiety gnawing at her heart, a high-strung nervous feeling that makes the very ticking of the clock irritate her almost beyond bearing.

She looks worn and pale, though the scarlet cashmere of her wrapper throws a warm tinge into her cheeks.

She walks aimlessly up and down the room, just as its late occupant used to walk. She finds some well-read books of science on the table, and opens one of them absently. A name stares at her from the fly-leaf, Harold Holman Hereward.

It does not bring her thoughts back to him suddenly—they had been with him all the time.

He is indeed the one predominating idea in her mind.

All the rest are vague, restless, horrible, compared with this.

His love is the one thing that shines out like a calm beautiful star in a tempest-wracked sky—like a strain of soft, sweet, unearthly music heard above the storm.

Yet she listens to the wind and rain, and tries to distinguish above them the sound of wheels.

Once she thinks she hears it, louder than the roar of the wind, but it does not come on.

The wind dies away, and there is nothing. Then the blasts sweep down again and shakes the windows like the hands of demons, and sways even the heavy curtains to and fro.

At last, just as the clock strikes two, the sound of wheels is really plainly distinguishable above the storm.

It stops at some distance, and then seems to recede again.

Lady Gladys knows that the traveller has got out of the carriage and sent it round to the stable-yard.

He does not wish the Countess to be disturbed.

Then Purcell opens the hall-door softly, and Lord Heriot walks in.

"All well, Purcell?"

"All well, my lord."

"Have they all gone to bed?"

"Lady Gladys has not gone to bed, my lord.

"She is in the library."

Purcell shuts and bars the great door noiselessly and creeps down-stairs.

Lord Heriot walks into the library, without waiting to remove his coat.

"Vere!

"You have come at last?"

"Yes.

"So the game is up?"

She does not go through any form of salutation, nor does he.

She looks at him pitifully as he comes forward to the fire.

His face is as white as the muffler round his throat; she can see how he trembles, even though he has not taken off his great-coat.

He rests one hand on the mantel-piece, and stands there, looking back at her. She is shocked by the change in his face.

He looks like a man who has just recovered from some terrible illness.

"So they've run me to earth?" he says at last, with a not very successful attempt to smile.

"Vere, Vere, you have suffered horribly! Is this man's blood on your hands?"

"I suppose it is," he answers, turning away his head.

"You shot Robert North!"

"No, I did not.

"My conscience does not accuse me of that.

"But I was the cause of his death."

"Yet you are not guilty of it?"

"I have been an awful fool," he says, turning again to the mantelpiece; "but I did not kill Robert North."

"You did not!

"Oh, thank Heaven for that! But tell me what you mean."

"I have done for myself by my own cowardice, that's all.

"I might not have suffered the worst tortures of the last month if I had only had a grain of presence of mind.

"But I had not."

"Oh, tell me what you mean, for pity's sake!

"How did it happen?

"You do not know what tortures I have suffered too."

He has untied the white muffler from his neck and thrown off the heavy frieze coat.

"I suppose you have. It has been a horrid business.

"But I did not think it would ever come out.

"This new investigation has done for us all.

"Only for that it might have been set down to poachers, and nothing more heard about it.

"Has my mother heard anything yet?"

"Nothing.

"Oh, Vere, it would kill her!"

"If I get off, she need know nothing.

"I don't think there is any danger but that I shall."

He stoops over the fire, shuddering vaguely.

There is not much thought for any one but himself in that weak, frightened face.

"Hereward knows everything, of course?" he asks, glancing up into his sister's face.

"He knows enough to guess the rest."

"Will he blab?"

"Do you mean to say that you will allow him to rest under the horrible imputation?" Lady Gladys turns on him with quick indignant scorn.

He will not meet her eyes.

"Could you be so base as to think of such a thing?"

"Let me alone, can't you?

"Who said I meant to let him in for anything?

"But he killed Robert North just as much as I did, after all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I had no more intention of shooting Robert North than he had; that's what I mean."

Lord Heriot speaks doggedly.

"How did it happen?" Lady Gladys asks eagerly, her cheeks burning, a terrible anxiety in her eyes and voice.

"Tell me at once. I cannot bear this suspense."

"Give me something to drink, and I will tell you all about it. I am as weak as a cat."

Lord Heriot pours out half a tumbler of brandy and drinks it eagerly.

Then a little color comes into his white cheeks, a little life into his dull eyes.

"I haven't slept for more than ten minutes at a time since that wretched day," he murmurs plaintively.

"I've had an awful time of it.

"I wonder how often I've cursed my own folly for dragging me into such a mess!"

"Can you tell me how it happened now?"

"You remember the day I left here to walk to the railway station?"

"Yes, yes.

"How could I forget it?"

"I went down to the mill on my way. I left Kingscourt to catch the three o'clock train, but I did not intend to go up to town before the 4.20.

"I meant to see Anne Grace Trathaway first.

"We used to meet near the river-path, and generally said good-bye to each other at the old stile."

Lady Gladys cannot restrain an exclamation.

But she wonders even now that he has never asked after the unfortunate girl. He is too selfish to think of any but himself at this moment.

"It was there—down at the mill—for a while.

"The old woman was ill—in bed, I believe.

"At all events, I did not see her. There was nobody else about the house.

"Anne Grace came part of the way with me through the wood. Then I said good-bye to her.

"She went back home to the mill, and I turned round from looking after her to find myself face to face with Robert North."

Lord Heriot's teeth chatter a little, though he is leaning close to the fire—almost against the bars.

"He stood before me, right in the middle of the path.

"I knew in a moment what he was up to—there was murder in his face, if it ever was in a man's face, when I looked at him that day.

"He had a gun in his hand."

"Well?" Lady Gladys asks breathlessly, when he pauses.

"'Lord Heriot,' he said, not at all loud. 'I told you once before that if you interfered between me and that girl I would shoot you like a dog.

"'I think no more of taking your life than I would of choking a rabbit, or of losing my own either. It has come to this with me.'

"Then he swung up the gun, but before he could pull the trigger—while his hand was on it—I sprang upon him.

"I don't know to this day how it happened, but I sprang at him and threw up his arm.

"The gun fell, and went off as the butt came against the ground.

"I don't know how it happened; I could not explain it if my life depended upon it. I suppose he pulled the trigger in some way before the gun dropped out of his hand, or else the concussion when the butt struck the ground was sufficient to discharge the gun.

"At all events, it went off. North fell in a heap upon the ground.

"Only for that I should not have known that he was hit.

"It might just as well have been me. We were both in the same danger.

"It was just a chance where the shot went.

"But he fell forward and I jumped back from him."

Lord Heriot pours out another half-tumbler of brandy, and Lady Gladys stares at him, as he drinks it, with wide-open eager eyes.

"I could not realise for two or three minutes what had happened. The dead silence stupefied me. But my first impulse was to run.

"I wish I had run now. Then a horrid panic seized me.

"If any one should find me here with the dead man!

"I looked about as if a hundred eyes were watching me—I thought I heard a whisper among the bushes.

"Then I stooped down, and, taking hold of his collar, dragged him out of the path—hid him under some brambles, about ten yards from where he fell

"That was the maddest mistake I ever made in my life.

"If I had only left him where he was, then I should have been safe.

"But I lost my head."

Lord Heriot pauses again and looks for brandy.

But he does not find it.

"I hurried out of the woods as if the fiends were at my heels.

"When I came to that part of the wood where the trees begin to grow thin, I heard some one coming. This was what I had feared.

"How lucky that I had dragged it out of the path!

"Because any one would know that I must have passed it a moment before. At the next turn I met Hereward."

"Yes, I know.

"Mr. Hereward asked you if you had heard a shot."

"He did; and I said no, I had heard nothing.

"His asking me this question terrified me.

"He remarked blood on my hands. That terrified me still more. I wonder I did not faint.

"I told him I had cut my finger, and asked him for his handkerchief. I had only one in my pocket, and I did not want to use it. He did not look as if he suspected anything.

"He always knew I was horribly nervous about blood.

"He used to laugh at me for wanting to be a soldier.

"I really don't know how the blood got on my hands.

"It must have been when I dragged the body out of the path.

"I had not noticed it before he pointed it out.

"My idea in moving the body was to keep it out of sight till I was clear off. If any one had come upon it just after meeting me, and I had said nothing about it, I should have been done for. But many and many a time I've wished I'd left it where it fell!"

"And the handkerchief—what became of it?"

"I rubbed the blood from my hands, and, when I had crossed the stile, I threw it away.

"I did not want Hereward to see me throw it away.

"He took a turn to the left, a shorter cut through the trees to a favorite walk of his, up the hill.

"Luckily he did, for, stupidly enough, I had left the gun in the path."

"The handkerchief has been found," remarks Lady Gladys gravely.

"Ah!"

Lord Heriot looks startled.

"Quite close to the spot where they found the body."

"That could not be. I most certainly did not go back.

"I threw it away among the weeds beyond the stile—far in.

"Was it marked?"

"Yes."

Lord Heriot is silent for a few minutes,

staring into the fire. Then he goes on, without looking up.

"The telegram from Jones startled me; but I half expected it, of course. Nothing on earth would have induced me to attend the inquest.

"I did not know what might have come out.

"The anxiety of watching and waiting for the papers with the account of it completely knocked me up.

"I was sure Hereward would tell all he knew.

"When I did not make a clean breast of it at once, I thought the only thing left was to hold my tongue.

"Having moved the body, to hide it, would tell so terribly against me! Even when it was all over—as I thought—I could not bear to come home.

"The whole thing weighed upon me like a nightmare.

"I have never been my own man since, and I don't think I ever shall."

His sister looks at him, at the shrunken figure, at the hollow cheeks now burning with hectic color, at the long trembling hands.

"It would have been so much better to have come forward and told the truth at once," she says coldly.

"Of course it would; you needn't tell me that! But I couldn't do it. I was not able to do it.

"I am quite nervous and low—I don't know what has come over me."

Very sadly, half contemptuously, Lady Gladys watches him.

"Vere, did you really care for Anne Grace Trathaway?"

"I think I did—a little. But she did not care a fig for me.

"I could see that.

"I believe that she went on with me just to make North jealous.

"I suppose it was a feather in her cap. She was a terrible little flirt."

"Did North ever threaten you before, as he said he did?"

"Yes, once before.

"He met me walking with her one day, and we had a fine scene.

"He swore he would shoot me if he ever saw me with her again."

"Why did you not send him away at once, after such a speech?"

"She would not let me."

"But why were you not at least on your guard?"

"Oh, I didn't believe the fellow would put his threat into execution!

"And the girl only laughed at him, and told me not to mind, that he was jealous if she so much as spoke to any one but himself."

"Did she know what happened that day in the wood?"

"She must have suspected it, knowing we met in the path.

"She did not tell, because, I suppose, she blamed herself for it as much as me. It was entirely her fault.

"She knew the kind of fellow that gypsy was, and she ought not to have vexed him by encouraging me."

"Did she tell you she had been warned about that?"

"No, she did not.

"Old Jones, I suppose?

"I could see that he was in a terrible fidget.

"What was it to him if I did bring the girl home to Kingscourt?"

Lady Gladys shivers coldly in her turn.

"Vere," she says quietly, "you will make all this known at once."

Lord Heriot is silent, looking down into the fire.

"If you do not, I most assuredly shall," she says.

He quails and shrinks before her angry eyes, and mutters vaguely—

"I suppose I shall be forced into doing it."

"Nothing can be done to you. You are safe."

"I suppose so.

"I did it in self-defence.

"The fellow came there determined to put a bullet into me.

"But it is an awfully unpleasant business. I wish I had never got myself in for it!"

"You will go to the proper authorities tomorrow and tell them what you have just told me."

"You are in a great hurry!" he looks up at her suspiciously.

"I am indeed."

"You don't think of me?" whines Lord Heriot.

"You don't pity me for all I have gone through!"

She looks at him with scorn, contempt, pity, in her eyes.

He is so unstable, so mean, so weak. She is ashamed of him, and yet she pities him profoundly.

"You will feel better when you have told all the truth," she tells him gravely. "It's not so bad, after all.

"If you knew my sufferings of the last few days, thinking you had shed this man's blood!

"Try to eat something now, and then go to bed.

"You will feel a great deal stronger in the morning."

"I don't think I shall ever be the same as I was before this business," he answers, rubbing his thin hands before the blazing fire.

The wind has died down to a sobbing murmur, the rain falls steadily, the clock strikes three.

"You need not be frightened any more. We shall take care that no harm comes to you.

"But you must make all this known tomorrow."

Lord Heriot, seeing no loophole for escape, is fain to promise that he will do so. And so she leaves him.

CHAPTER XX.

IT is three years since the events related happened at Kingscourt.

A great many things has happened since then.

Three years seldom pass without bringing changes to most people.

The first thing that happened was the death of the old Earl.

Then the Abyssinian war broke out, and called Richard Blount away from his lady-love.

He was absent for fifteen months, and for as many more an invalid at home, having been wounded in a skirmish with King Theodore's guerillas.

Vere, Lord Kingscourt, did not long enjoy his new title, if he ever enjoyed it at all.

A rapid decline carried him off about nine months after the shooting of Robert North.

The anxiety connected with the event, and the means he had taken to drive away that anxiety, had undermined his never-robust constitution, and he died at Kingscourt early in the following January.

The Countess is a broken-hearted woman, yet, strange to say, not nearly so great an invalid as formerly.

She has given up thinking of her ailments, and, as a matter of course, they have given up troubling her.

Doctor Jones is now more frequently occupied in the administration of business connected with the estate than in prescribing remedies for hypochondriasis.

The Trathaways have long since left the mill.

They could not stay there after the fuss attendant upon Lord Heriot's disclosure. It is believed they emigrated to New Zealand.

Anne Grace Trathaway never recovered her good looks, nor could she ever endure the mention of Lord Heriot's name; and, though once or twice he had asked to see her, she would not come up to Kingscourt or allow him to help her by a gift of money, as he had desired to do so.

There had been another death at Kingscourt, that of old Grant, the game-keeper. On his death-bed he had confessed that he had found the handkerchief among the weeds near the stile, while searching for a rabbit that he had shot, and had given it up to Mr. Cartwright, he being a magistrate; that Mr. Cartwright had bribed him to place it among the brambles where the body had been found, and had then sent for the detective officers and put them on the scent.

This confession was hushed up a good deal, but it gained credence in the village afterwards, when Mr. Cartwright's ascendency was over.

Immediately after Hereward's release from arrest, finding a college fellowship not the desideratum he used to fancy it, and longing for some more active life wherein to banish regret, he had obtained through interest a commission in a West Indian regiment.

He had not seen any of his Kingscourt friends before he joined his company.

Blount was at that time on his way to Abyssinia.

He rather liked his life abroad, but it did not banish regret.

Nor did regret make the inevitable attack of yellow fever on his arrival out prove fatal to him.

He would perhaps have grown content with the present state of affairs—seeing that to hope for what he wished for was sheer madness—had he not heard one day that he had come in for a considerable fortune.

The intelligence had not taken him completely by surprise.

It had sometimes occurred to him of late that he would in all probability inherit this fortune.

His father was a second son.

His elder brother had succeeded to a large inheritance; but Holman Hereward had been cut off with a shilling because he had married a girl as poor as himself.

She was pretty, and of a good family, but in reduced circumstances.

The scatter-brained young Captain of a Line regiment would not listen to parental warnings, would not look before he leaped. He died two years after his marriage, leaving a widow and a son to battle with the world on four hundred a year.

They had done it, but how it would be difficult to say.

It was better when Hereward grew up, and could help by taking pupils—and prizes; but then his mother had died, and it was all darkness and loneliness, except for the few college friends whom he really cared for, like Blount.

Afterwards Nettie Blount had woven a gold thread among the warp and woof of his life.

It had only proved a tinsel thread, but it had brightened the melancholy fabric wonderfully, even if it could not last.

All this time his rich uncle had ignored him utterly; and Hereward had never reminded him of his existence by word or sign.

For many years he had remained a widower, without children; but, about the date of Hereward's going to Kingscourt, he had married again.

He had however died childless, and now Oriel was Hereward's, with five or six thousand a year.

The intelligence reached Hereward at Montego Bay, Jamaica, where his regiment then was.

He at once decides upon selling out and returning to England.

Hereward reaches London on the fifteenth of December, just four years after that memorable fifteenth of December when he had walked up to Kingscourt through the snow.

His first idea is to see Blount.

He knows that he has lately rejoined his regiment, and he finds him in the orderly room at his barracks, looking a trifle less stout and red-faced, but in no other respect different from the Dick Blount of former days.

The hand-clasp between the two friends shows that these years of separation have not estranged them.

"My dear fellow, was ever anything so fortunate?

"I did not think such a piece of luck was in my way!

"I'm to be turned off the day after tomorrow, and you must stand by me to see that I get fair play," Blount cries, still holding Hereward's hand.

"All right," Hereward agrees, laughing. "Has Miss Middleton really proved constant for three years?"

"If she hasn't, she has come back to her allegiance again, at all events, as she has promised to be Mrs. Richard Blount on Thursday next at half past eleven o'clock. So you're back again old boy? How jolly glad I am to see you!

"And you've come in for a fortune too! I wish you joy!"

"Thanks," Hereward answers, with a smile and a sigh together.

"You haven't wished me joy, you rascal!"

"Have I not?

"I do wish you joy, Dick, with all my heart,

"Where is it to be?"

"Oh, down at Kingscourt!"

"Kingscourt!" Hereward winces a little.

"Yes; won't that be jolly? Miss Middleton is a ward in Chancery, you know, and has no real home of her own. So, as the Countess wishes it and she is herself fond of Kingscourt, she is to be married from there."

Hereward, though he winced, does not decline to be present at his friend's wedding.

"How well you look, Hereward!" Blount exclaims, looking up at him. "I never saw a fellow so improved in my life. Is it drill, or what?

"You are so sunburnt too! Won't the girls be setting their caps at you now! You will be the 'catch' of the season! How often have you lost your heart since?"

"Not once."

"Oh, come now, Hereward, you don't expect me to believe that! By-the-by, you haven't asked after any of your old friends."

"I should have heard bad news soon enough."

"Poor Heriot! I told you about his death. Knocked under completely after that affair of North. It was horrid business."

"Lady Gladys is at Kingscourt still?"

"She is.

"They have just returned from Venice to spend Christmas there. I don't know what to make of that girl. She has had offer after offer, to my certain knowledge, and has refused them all point-blank. Bab bemoans her; but she cannot understand her any more than I can. I don't believe she will ever marry now."

Hereward's heart beats quickly; does he think he could explain why the beautiful Lady Gladys Palliser has never married.

"Kingscourt looks the same as ever, I suppose?" he asks dreamily.

"It is kept in much better order now. There is more money to spare. The present Earl will be a rich man some of these days. Seeing you again, Hereward, has brought back that old time so vividly to my mind. You know we did not see each other afterwards. What a joke it was, putting you under arrest!"

"I think it was anything but a joke," Hereward answers, his face darkening suddenly. "Where is Cartwright?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? The fellow's smashed. Went in for some speculation—some awful cheat or other—and let himself in for eleven hundred thousand pounds."

Hereward goes down to Kingsleigh that afternoon with Blount, and his friend secures rooms for him in the little hotel close to his own. It is a comfortable hostelry, though plain and unpretentious, and bears the sign of "The Palliser Arms."

As soon as they have disposed of their luggage, Blount proposes walking over to Kingscourt.

"They expect us to dinner," he says, taking out his watch.

"They cannot by any possibility expect me," Hereward answers, laughing. "No, Dick, I shall dine here, and go you to your lady-love."

"But they do expect you.

"I told them I should dine with them this evening, and bring my best-man. You are my best-man.

"It makes no difference that I then intended to ask Simms of Ours. Come along, and don't be nonsensical."

So Hereward and his friend dress and depart.

It is about five o'clock, and very dark, except for the silvery glitter of Orion overhead and the white blink thrown upward by the snow.

The air is too still to be intensely cold, and the two men walk slowly up the path by the river, their thoughts busy with the events of years before.

They are neither of them superstitious, or the darkness and profound silence might have encouraged thoughts of the supernatural as they pass the spot on the path where the unfortunate gamekeeper had met his death.

The black trees, the banks of snow-covered brambles, the scarcely distinguishable path, are cheerless and weird and cold; and the mill, which they come upon presently, looks desolate and lonely, with no glimmer of lights in its windows.

"I wonder whether Anne Grace Trathaway has forgotten poor North?" Blount remarks, breaking the long silence.

"I should think not, if she ever really cared for him."

"Do you think she cared?"

"If she cared for any one, it was for him."

"Was she ever as pretty as the people said?"

"She was pretty, but there was nothing in her face."

"What mischief these girls bring about!"—and Blount heaves a profound sigh.

They do not speak again till they reach Kingscourt.

The old hall is full of firelight as Purcell admits them; its ruddy glow dances on the old wall.

Now a dusky pictured face, now an ancient suit of armor starts out from the semi-obscurity, as if endued with life or living wearer.

"Bab will be awfully glad to see you," Blount observes, laughing, as they pull off their great-coats with Purcell's aid.

"She has asked for you hundreds of times—and has wished more than once that you could be here on Thursday. But of course we never hoped you could.

"It is the jolliest piece of luck that ever happened! Hallo, Evie, my lad, is that you!"

The little Earl, a fine bright-faced boy, looks shyly at Hereward, but soon recognizes him and runs to seize his hand.

"Bab wants you," he says to Blount.

"She is in the library, and she has got a lovely—thing she wants to show you. She sent me for you."

"Go ahead then.

"Hereward, go to the drawing-room like a good fellow, and I'll be with you in a moment.

"You'll not mind?"

Hereward saunters through the ante-room—half wishing to rush onwards, half to turn back.

At the door of the red drawing-room he pauses for a moment, looking in.

It is also lighted solely by dancing firelight, and looks like the ruddy heart of a damask rose.

And there, standing in the midst of the glow, is a solitary figure looking down dreamily into the blaze.

How often has Hereward pined to see that face!

How often in dreams has it appeared to him—faint, shadowy, intangible!

How often has he remembered the last time he saw it, when he had gazed down into the beautiful eyes and read there—what?

He remembers that hour, when, in the old hall, with its armor and shining wainscot, he had said farewell to his lady-love as some knight might have said it long ago before he left her for ever—or the Crusades! She had looked like one of those peerless maidens of romance in her velvet train and pearls.

But his white oilskin coat had not been very like a suit of mail.

Standing, like a tall black shadow, near the door, he gazes at her as if he could never gaze enough.

She looks so fair and stately in a square-cut dress of dark-blue velvet, with a bunch of violets for her only ornament.

She is looking down dreamily into the fire; there is no pain, as there is no joy, in her face.

Hereward wonders of what she is thinking, standing there so gravely and so still. He can find no clue to her thoughts on lip or brow.

Oh, if he dared but dream that she is thinking of him!

He goes into the room, but not so noiselessly as to take her unawares.

She lifts her head at the sound of his step. The room is dim for a moment, but then a bright blaze springs up and shows him plainly—his dark face, his passionate dark eyes.

She turns to him swiftly, but she is not startled.

He had been so immediately in her thoughts, that to find him actually present does not seem so strange.

"You!" she cries softly, holding out both her hands.

He sees the sudden lighting up of her whole face, and his heart gives one exultant bound.

"Gladys," he exclaims, springing forward, "you have not forgotten me?"

"No, she whispers.—"Oh, my darling!"

He holds out his arms, he clasps her to his heart, and kisses her.

And, standing there in the firelight, they forget past griefs, past loneliness, past bitterness—forget, as they once before forgot, all but the divine knowledge that they love each other.

[THE END.]

THE VIOLIN.—Of all the musical instruments the violin is most enduring. Pianos wear out; wind instruments get battered and old-fashioned. All kinds of novelties are introduced into flutes, but the sturdy violin stands on its own merit. Age and use only improve it, and instead of new ones commanding the highest prices, as in the case with other instruments, it is the violin of the few Italian makers of the last three centuries that commands the fabulous prices. It is impossible to handle a violin without a feeling of veneration, when one reflects on the number of people who have probably played on it, the weary hours it has beguiled, the source of enjoyment it has been, and how well it has been loved.

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THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

A large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear, but needless to carry. If we should honestly examine the various burdens of our lives, we should be surprised to find how many of them are of this character. Not only may we drop them if we will, but justice to others demands that we should.

A man or woman habitually unhappy is essentially selfish, and is always a thorn in the community. There are enough crosses and trials in life which must be borne, without manufacturing artificial and needless ones; and the more thoroughly we rid ourselves of the latter, the more energy and spirit we can bring to bear upon the former.

And it is most unfortunate that there is a class of people in the world who make it the chief business of their lives to depreciate existence and its blessings; who speak of it as a "vale of tears," an "abode of sin and sorrow," a "realm of blighted hopes," and so on through the entire category of such expressions. In nine cases out of ten our world is just what we make it. If we resolve to see only the dark side, we shall, of course, see no sunshine. If we choose to live in a cellar, the sun will not be likely to come down out of the heavens, and seek us out in our obscurity.

But perhaps an explanation of this may be found in the common error of men and women of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned the better for everyone.

If you doubt the proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they the idlers and pleasure-seekers, the mourners and grumblers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves. Why, the slave at his enforced labor, or the hungry toiler for bread, were supremely happy in comparison.

SANCTUM CHAT.

JUDGE JAMESON brings a terrific charge against boarding-house and hotel life, in his article in the last number of the *North American Review*. He says this is the cause of many divorces. The idleness of the married boarders makes them a decidedly easy prey to intrigue.

—

THE latest alleged triumph of photography will enable any individual to produce upon his own cuticle an indelible likeness of any object in art or nature. This new method of illustrating the skin possesses manifest advantages over the ancient process of tattooing, being rapid, accurate, cheap and painless.

—

A STRANGER, of respectable appearance and somewhat strange demeanor, entered a flour-dealer's store in Oswego, N. Y., a few days ago, and said that he wished to pay for a barrel of flour fraudulently obtained thirty years ago. He "calculated" that flour was then worth $4 a barrel, and, without another word, he handed out $16 and went his way.

—

A LONDON physician talks about light after this manner: "We know that sunlight will bleach linen, that it will produce photographs, that trees and flowers turn to it, and that vegetation, and indeed life in every form absolutely needs it. Yet we, who dwell in great cities, absolutely ignore light. We know that dirty water is dangerous, and avoid it. We know that bad air is dangerous. We do not draw our drinking supply from the gutters, or our breathing supply from the sewers, but we take no precaution whatever to secure pure light."

—

PATTI, at $5,000 a night, will get about five dollars a breath in "Lucia." She is on the stage, by the watch, just sixty-two minutes during the three acts. This gives her eighty dollars and some odd cents for every minute. The average rate of respiration is about eighteen a minute, so that each breath is paid four dollars and forty-four cents. In "Lucia" there are 1,200 words and 2,800 notes, so that Patti is paid four dollars and sixteen cents a word, and one dollar and seventy five cents a note. For a little run of a dozen notes a twenty-dollar bill is very fair pay.

—

THE largest steamship in the world, the Great Eastern, earned last year $65, while $20,000 were spent in keeping her in repair. The company having this mammoth white elephant on its hands is unable to "wind up," for, besides the original mortgage debt, not a dollar is due to any creditor. The directors are now considering a "proposal for employment," which will at least save the cost of maintenance; and it is hoped, in the meantime, that the "increased size of the ships which are now being built is in favor of the Great Eastern."

—

"WHEN the mind is occupied, outside objects," says Mr. Ruskin, in a recent address, "assume their true value. What was beautiful yesterday is beautiful to-day, and remains so until some new necessity springs up to replace it. Repose of body and mind is a paramount charm. Repose of mind is fascinating; repose of body dignified. Neither can exist without complete comfort and fitness in dress. To see a lady wildly struggling in wind and rain with a tight skirt, with a long train, appears ridiculous to us; to her it is pain. A well-dressed woman will always look happy in her clothes—and to be nice-looking is a duty."

—

SAYS a lady correspondent of a prominent London paper: "There must be no half-measures, no compromising with vicious fashions. We are told that all shoes should have flat soles and broad toes; that all waists should be as guiltless of restraint as that of the Medicinn Venus; that sleeves should be roomy, skirts straight, and bonnets fit to effectually protect the head from sun and wind, and great many other things which I, for one, should like to see exemplified, not only on the persons of young and pretty girls, who look well in anything, but on the more mature ladies who have hitherto done the talking and writing, and who are, naturally, the persons to show the world the excellence of the new way."

—

THE principal defect in our educational system is that we make education as an end in itself, instead of a means to an end. Hence there is some justification for the prevailing idea among practical people, that highly educated people know very little that is worth knowing; and this is especially true of much of the education of women. We are not arguing against the higher education of women, but simply pleading that the ornamental arts may not drive the household, the useful arts, out of the field. Every movement in the direction of practical education merits the fullest possible encouragement. Its association with the higher education may help to destroy the false pride which makes girls—and boys, for that matter—rather proud of their ignorance of many practical subjects.

—

A CINCINNATI correspondent witnessed the following piteous little drama in a market in that city last week: A richly-dressed lady stood before a stall, and as she received a package from the pale, care-worn little market woman, she said kindly, "How is your little girl to-day?" "She is dead," the woman answered. "Oh, how sorry I am," with still greater gentleness; "when did she die?" "This morning." "And you?"— "Yes, ma'am, I had to come, or lose to-day's sales. I couldn't afford to do it—there are the other children to be provided for." The pale little woman laid her thin, toil-warped hands down on the rough boards, with a pathetic gesture and a tear trickling down each cheek, and her sunken eyes wandered along the long line of flaring lights. "It was a hard thing to do," she said, simply.

—

THE advocates of cremation, says *The Judge*, have a regularly incorporated society. They have more; they have common sense on their side. It is wonderful that the semi-barbarous custom of putting our dead into holes in the ground should have survived as long as it has done. The ancients were wiser; they had a truer, finer sentiment, and an expressibly better appreciation of the sanitary laws when they reduced the corpse to ashes. The New York Cremation Society, organized under the laws of this State, has a good work to do. If it succeeds (and with common sense on its side, succeed it must in the long run) we will have no more death-breeding funerals; no more pestilential graveyards; no more costly and extravagant cemeteries. Only a furnace, an inexpensive ceremonial, a cinerary urn, and the dust of our dead will really repose under the care of the living, and not putrify in rank and loathsome graves.

—

THE new postal note, authorized by Congress, it is thought, may be ready to issue by July 1. The proposed note is about as large as a greenback. At the right hand are two columns giving the months of the year, and the dates of twelve years beginning with the present. At the left hand are three columns of figures. One, representing dollars, is numbered up to 4; the second, representing dimes, is numbered up to 9; the third, representing cents, is also numbered up to 9; and each series ends with a cipher. The note is for sums less than five dollars. The postmaster at the office issuing the note will punch the month and year, the number of dollars, the number of dimes and number of cents in their respective columns, thus preventing any alteration of the amount or date. By this system the postal notes can be issued for any sum from 4 cents up to $4.99. The note will be bought like a postage stamp, and will be payable to bearer at any time within three months from the last day of the month of issue.

—

MANY people in England complain that the House of Commons should waste a day in this critical time listening to a speech on vivisection. Mr. Labouchere writes, apropos of the discussion, that he was once a guest at an anti-vivisection dinner party, and had the honor of taking a lady to dinner who had written a successful novel, wherein she had confounded the femoral artery with the temporal. But she was eloquent against vivisection and dilated upon its horrors. "I watched her eat with great relish," he says, "oysters wrenched alive out of their shells; cod which had been crimped when it was alive; lobsters which had been put into cold water and slowly warmed to death; spring lamb and spring chicken—each of which had been bled slowly to death—that an unnatural whiteness might be imparted to the flesh, and Strasbourg pie made from the diseased livers of geese, slowly baked to death before an underground kitchen fire. Her dress was trimmed with a score or so of humming birds, and when she left she wrapped herself in a cloak of skins stripped from seals that had been flayed alive. How can I listen to a woman who decorates herself in sealskin and humming birds make a speech against vivisection?"

—

THE students of the Michigan State Agricultural College are combining utility with instruction, and are analyzing, in the laboratory, various nostrums with which quacks and speculators are flooding the country. The following have been analyzed: Silver Potash—Pill-box filled with water-line. Costs one-half cent; retail price, twenty-five cents. Ozone—A package of about one-half pound weight, consisting of pulverized sulphur, colored with lamp-black and scented with oil of cinnamon. Costs four cents; retail price, two dollars. Silver-plating Fluid—An ounce vial of solution of nitrate of mercury, which will form a temporary silvery coating when rubbed on brass, copper, or silver, which speedily tarnishes when exposed to the air. Costs three cents; retail price, forty cents. Moth and Freckle Cure—"For external use only. Put the contents of this package into an eight-ounce bottle, and then fill with rain-water." The package contains thirty-two grains of corrosive sublimate, or mercuric chloride. Costs one-half cent; retail price, fifty cents. Fire-Test Powders—To prevent explosions in kerosence lamps, the breaking of lamp-chimneys, and the danger of burning from the use of low-grade oil. These are pill-boxes containing one or two ounces of common salt, colored with aniline red. Costs one cent a box; retail price, sixty cents, or two for a dollar.

OF THE HEART.

BY MARY J. MURCHIE.

Blithely sings the young heart, and cheerily shines the sun;
'Tis spring o' the year, 'tis early morn, and life is but begun.
The day is bright, the heart is light,
And all the future years
Stretch forth as fair, with never a care,
Nor clouds, nor tears.

Boldly sings the young heart, but scorchingly shines the sun;
'Tis the summer now, 'tis mid-day heat, the work of life is begun.
But Hope runs high, while the steadfast eye,
Fixed on the goal of Fame,
Heeds not the glare, for he who will dare,
Must win a name.

Cheerily sings the old heart, while slowly sets the sun;
'Tis autumn chill, 'tis eventide, and rest is now begun.
Brave was the heart that did its part,
And ever upheld the right;
Now sets the sun, the work is done;
Now comes the night.

Hushed now is the tired heart, and set now is the sun;
'Tis winter-time, the stars gleam out, the new life is begun.
Calm is the sleep, and long and deep,
But bright will the waking be;
The Cross has been borne, the Crown will be worn
Through all Eternity.

A Day's Excursion.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"NOW, Octavia," said Mrs. Oland, "do be a little careful to-day. Don't, for pity's sake let your wild spirits run away with you."

Octavia Oland, in her pink muslin dress, tied here and there with jaunty little bows of ribbon, and a straw gypsy hat, garlanded with poppies, turned round, the very incarnation of radiant glee.

"Mamma," said she, "why should you grudge me my holiday?

"Don't I work behind Miss Fanshawe's counter all the year, like any African slave? Do let me play I am a child again just this once."

So this beautiful young Euphrosyne danced away, leaving only the sweet echo of her laughter in the gloomy apartment, and Mrs. Oland sighed.

"She is so thoughtless," said the mother. "And Duncan Ray and Harry Bolton are both going on this sailing party, and somehow I feel as if to-day were going to be the turning point of her life.

"I wish she could bring herself to like Duncan.

"He's a steady, noble-souled boy, as his father was before him, but there isn't much outside show about him.

"And Bolton's a handsome, dashing young fellow, just the sort to attract any girl. But somehow I can't quite believe in him."

The day was all sparkle and sunshine. The excursion steamer fluttering with gay flags and the sound of music, glided along majestically.

The sea air breathed new strength into weary lungs, and touched fevered brows with mighty power; all these over-worked sewing-girls forgot, for a brief while that life was nothing more than a treadmill to them.

They laughed, they danced, they sang, they counted the glimmering sails that leaned up against the horizon, and finally, when the boat landed, they all scattered in various directions over the silver-shingled beach, in merry pursuit of shells, seaweed, and pebbles, as so many newly liberated school-children might have done.

And Octavia Oland, the prettiest girl in all this throng, reigned as a sort of princess among them.

"Mother Cary's Cushion?" said she, merrily, echoing the words of an ancient salt, who was mending his nets in a sunny spot, with an old pipe in his mouth, and a picturesque long beard blowing about in the wind.

"Is that what they call yonder rock?"

"That 'ere's what they hails her by, lady-miss," said the old sailor, his dim eyes resting with evident approbation on Octavia's fresh young lilies and roses.

"And well it's knowed hereabouts," he said.

"But why do they call it so?" persisted the girl.

"Because of the cushion, my lady-miss," replied the fisherman.

"The Mother Carye's chickens as circle round the point, of a dark day, when there is a storm comin' up.

"It's a round rock, near the top—do you see?" pointing his knotty finger—"with grass and mosses growin' on it, in a circle, like a cushion. And black all of the natural rock.

"There's them, my lady-miss," he added, "as has climbed to the very top, and sat on the cushion.

"I an my sweetheart—as has been dead these thirty years—did once.

"But we didn't care to stay there long, I tell ye.

"For the wind howled, and the sea-gulls shrieked, and the tide roared like a hungry shark around us, and it was as much as ever we could do to get down again with whole bones."

"Why, it doesn't look such a height," said Bolton.

"Mebbe not—mebbe not," said the old man.

"A quarter of a mile makes a deal o' difference in the look of things.

"And them as ain't used to distances, can't calculate."

And he went on with his work, while the little group strolled on, bright Octavia with her ribbons and curls floating, Bolton carrying her shawl, and Duncan Ray walking silently on the other side.

And just then another gay throng overtook them, and there was a discussion as to where the site should be for their impromptu banquet; and presently Duncan Ray looked around.

"Where's Octavia?" he asked.

Everybody had some kind of an answer to make.

Auriette Hall had seen her not five minutes before.

Helen Ray was quite certain that she was hiding behind the ruined boat-house on the beach.

Lois Fielding suggested that she had probably gone back to the steamer for a scent-bottle, or a handkerchief, or some such trifle.

"She'll be here presently," they all remarked.

"In the meantime, let us get the lunch ready, for there's a dark little edge of cloud down in the West, that the captain says he don't like the looks of."

And where, all this time, was Octavia Oland?

She was springing up the steep and winding ledge of the rock, quicker and lighter than any mountain chamois, her veil floating back like a white wreath of mist, an exquisite scarlet dyeing her cheek.

"If other people can climb to Mother Cary's Cushion, so can I," said dauntless Octavia, keeping her face resolutely away from the furious waves that boiled and raged below, lest perchance it should render her giddy.

"And how astonished they will be when they see me waving my handkerchief to them from the dizzy peak."

Long before the cold fowls, chicken-salad and sandwiches were spread upon the grass the captain came up from the steamer.

"Ladies and gentleman," said he, "I am sorry to spoil sport, but there's a squall brewin' if ever there was one, and we'll all be safer well out at sea, than on these ragged points of rock, especially as the tide is comin' in a deal faster than we calculated on.

"So if you'll step lively, I shall be particularly obliged."

The ladies began hurriedly to repack the, as yet, untouched repast, and to gather up their hats, veils, parasols, and gloves; the gentleman looked around for shawl-straps, books, and baskets; and once again ran the question—

"But Octavia?

"Where is Octavia?"

And Dorsey Wheeler, straining his eyes through the gray mist which was already beginning to gather over the landscape, exclaimed—

"Who has an opera-glass?

"I see something on that tall rock that seems to lean towards the water—something, I am quite certain which moves."

The captain produced his glass.

"Though, to be sure," said he, "glasses ain't much good in such a plaguey Scotch mist as this,

"But I declare there is something up there fluttering in the wind, like some one waving a signal of distress."

Bolton snatched the glass from the veteran's hand, and hurriedly adjusted it to his own eyes.

"It is Octavia's veil, he said. I can see the pink flowers, like little dots of color, on her head.

"Good Heavens! and she has been mad enough to climb that rock, all for a spirit of crazy adventure."

"It's a bad job for her then, sir," said the old fisherman, who, leaving his nets to take care of themselves, had mingled, black pipe and all, in the general confusion. "For now the tide is in, there ain't nobody nor nothin' can get near Mother Carey's Rocks.

"If the wind rises, as it's going to do, as sure as Heaven, she'll be blowed into kingdom come at the very first puff."

"Can nobody help her?" cried the horrified group.

The old salt shook his head.

"You'd only come to your own death," said he, "without helpin' her a mite. There was a man killed there twenty-one year ago come October.

"He——"

"We are losing time," said the captain impatiently.

"There's a black squall driving up on the wind, and I'd not give much for our lives if we don't get clear of them confounded rocks.

"Of course, we're all sorry for the young lady; but so far as I can see she will have to take the consequences of her own folly. It's impossible to risk a whole boatload for her.

"Ladies and gentleman, all forward now, if you please."

But Duncan Ray stepped out from the ranks.

"Bolton!" said he.

"McDowell! Christian men, all of you! Are you going deliberately off, to leave her to perish?"

"I—I don't see that we can do anything," stammered Bolton.

"This good man says that we would only risk our own lives to no purpose."

"And you must see yourself," added Mr. Launcelot McDowell, "that it would be certain death to try to cross the water, now that the tide is rising so fast."

"There's no time to parley!" said the captain impatiently.

"The bell will ring directly, and whoever isn't on board then, isn't on board at all! Eh! Where are you going, Mr. Ray?"

"To the top of yonder cliff," answered Duncan, pulling his hat resolutely over his brows.

"To rescue that girl, or to die in the attempt!"

But at the same moment a slender figure, with a zephyr shawl drawn lightly over its head, stepped out from behind the old bulkhead—Octavia Oland! herself.

"Do not risk your life, Duncan Ray!" she said in a sweet, clear voice. "I am quite safe.

"My veil and hat blew off, and I could not disentangle them from the sharp rocks. But I, myself, was fortunate enough to make good my retreat before the dreadful wind got too high.

"And I came up behind you all, and heard you talk, and—and—Oh, Duncan, I can't bear to think of it all."

She covered her eyes with her hand as she spoke, while with the other she clung close to Duncan Ray's arm, as if it were a refuge beyond all computation.

But all the way back she never once condescended to speak to Harry Bolton or Mr. McDowell; and when she returned home that evening she was engaged to Duncan Ray.

"For I know now," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "who, and who alone, would have risked his life for such a silly child as I!"

And Harry Bolton and Launcelot McDowell felt like recreant knights indeed.

The Old Chest.

BY HENRY PRITH.

MARRIED!" said Mrs. Bubble, "married! And without neither wedding-cake nor new bonnet, nor so much as a neighbor called in to witness the marriage ceremony!

"And to Abel Jones, who is as poor as poverty itself!

"Mary, I never could have believed it of you."

Pretty Mary Bubble's fine brown eyes sparkled, half with exultation, half with vague fear.

"It was out in Squire Larkin's garden, mother," she said.

"Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward, and Mr. Hall.

"Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must be now or never, because he couldn't endure the suspense any longer.

"And the squire is a justice of the peace, and I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see mother!

"And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious young man; and please, mother," flinging both arms around the old lady's neck, "if you'll forgive me for disobeying you this once, I never, never will do it again."

So Mrs. Bubble—although to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a "justice of the peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane there to commence the conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living; and I did hope, Mary, you would have married some one who could have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy.

Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old Croesus is one too many.

Let him go on his way; who cares for him?

"We shall get along through the world," said Abel.

"Of course we shall get along," said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. Squire Larkins, with a young friend in flounced white muslin, stopped at the Bubble farmhouse to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. Larkins, laughing.

"Tol'able, thank you," replied Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone to Deacon Faraday's to get their receipt for making soft-soap. Abel's well, too, thank'ee; he's in the shop now, at his work.

"His hammer is sort o' company for me, when I set here alone.

"I don't deny as he's a decent young man enough, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkey!

"And with Mary's face, and her term at boarding-school, she'd ought to have done better."

"What a fine old chest of drawers!" cried Mrs. Wynward ecstatically. "What lovely brass ornaments!

"And what picturesque claw legs!"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Larkins. "It is over a hundred years old. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique chest of drawers!"

"Oh, ma'am, it ain't the same," said Mrs. Bubble.

"It ain't the old one at all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it!" echoed Mrs. Larkins.

"I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs. Bubble, looking imploringly over the edge of her spectacle glasses.

"It was given me, you know, ma'am, when my father's estate was settled up, and the old furnitoor was divided.

"My brother John's wife, she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels; so she says, says she—

"'Sophiar, you can take the old chist o' draw's.'

"And I knew I was bein' cheated then; but, is! what's the use of trouble among one's relations?

"So says I—

"'Have it your own way, Abigail Ann.'

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan,' and I took the chist o' draw's. And Abel he fixed it up dreadful nice, with a little sand-paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters, and samples of patchwork in.

"But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's, offered me twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse such money; so I sold it.

"And John's wife she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she—

"'Sophiar, don't you suppose you could sell "The Death of Jonathan" for the same money?'

"And I know just how she felt, and I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she always was a graspin' thing.

"But after it had gone away in the waggon, I began to miss it, and I fairly sot down and cried.

"And Abel, he says—

"'Cheer up, mother,' says he. 'I'll make you another one just like it.'

"And so he did.

"And there it is," added Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know but it was the same old chist o' draw's. He's darkened it down, and 'lied it up, and turned out claw legs, and beat out a set of old brasses to cover the keyholes, until you never would know the difference.

"And I'm just as well satisfied as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things and went to the sewing society when Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big kitchen when Professor Eldred and his two daughters—maiden ladies of an unchronicled age—alighted from their carriage, and stepped in for a drink of water.

There was the well under the bowery apple-blossoms at the back, and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep, and the cleanly-scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rag rugs at the doors, and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner, and the old chest of drawers between the two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Ethelreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely piece of workmanship."

"Quite mediæval!" sighed Miss Ermengarde. "We must have this old Revolutionary relic, pa."

The professor stared around him.

"There's nobody to ask the price of, my dear," said he.

"That's just like pa," said Miss Ethelreda. "Don't you hear somebody hammering somewhere?

"There's a carpenter shop just down the lane.

"Go and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently away at a step-ladder when the professor's head was thrust into his shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very handsome in his shirtsleeves and a scarlet neck-tie.

"I wish you a very good morning, sir," said the professor politely.

"Same to you, sir," said Abel.

"I wish," said the professor, "to inquire the price of that beautiful old brass-mounted chest of drawers in the kitchen of the house yonder.

"My daughter——"

"No price at all, sir," said Abel. "It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would be any inducement to you——"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly repeated Abel.

"Nothing would induce my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked the professor.

"Exactly," said Abel.

And he went on hammering and whistling the tune of "Robin Adair," while the professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry-bushes and black currants.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mary, the pretty first cause of all Abel Jones' romantic adventures, ran into the shop.

They had been married for over three months now, but Abel's smile of welcome was no less bright than it had been in the days of the honeymoon.

"Bless me, Polly," said he. "What is the matter? Why you look half scared to death."

"And no wonder," said Mary.

"There have been burglars at the house. Mother's chest of drawers is gone."

"What?" shouted Abel.

"And these were left under one of the volumes of 'Barnes' notes on the Gospel' on the kitchen table," breathlessly added Mary, displaying twenty-five dollars in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word," said Abel. "It's the old fellow with the bald head, Polly, and the spectacles, you may depend upon it. I thought he looked like an old furniture dealer."

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary breathlessly.

"Well, not exactly," said Abel, laughing. "The old thing in itself wasn't worth five dollars.

"If they choose to value it at twenty-five, why it ain't bad for us in the light of a pecuniary transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished," said Abel.

"I was meaning to sell it to Mrs. Hartington.

"But I'll just set it up in the old place, and mother will never care whether it's number one or number two that's there."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home from the sewing society, Abel was just setting up a new chest of drawers, and Mary eagerly related to her the tale of the burglary, for so she still persisted in calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bubble.

"I'm glad I didn't take the 'Death of Jonthan.'"

"This means business," said Abel, to himself.

And he set to work diligently to work to manufacture still other duplicates of the "chist o' draw's," staining them a dark, rich brown, and beating out odd, shell-shaped decorations to complete the allusion.

And when the curiosity-hunter came up the solitary road, embowed in elms, where it required considerable engineering for one load of hay to pass another, Abel sat whistling on his doorstep, ready to drive a bargain.

"Any old furniture or antiques to sell?" the hunter would blandly inquire.

"Not a stick!" said Abel.

And then, after a minute's silence on the part of the pioneers of the æsthetic, he would add—

"Unless you'd like this 'ere chist o' draw's as I've just tinkered up.

"I can't say, up and down, you know, as it's old.

"But there it is.

"You can look for yourself.

"There ain't no date on it.

"I ain't none of your bargain drivers.

"If you like it, pay what you think is right.

"If you don't, why there ain't no harm done."

So that no less than seven editions of the chest of drawers were sold before the season was over.

They had became the fashion.

And when the season ended and the city boarders went back to their brick-and-mortar wildernesses, Abel bought his mother-in-law a plethoric pocket-book.

"Four hundred and twenty, dollars, mother," said he.

"Enough to pay off the last instalment of the mortgage on the old farm.

"We could not have made more money than that if we'd kept a houseful of boarders, as Polly wanted to do.

"But I don't mean Polly to be at the beck and call of a dozen fine ladies, and work her roses off, not while I'm able to work for her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good luck spread far and wide through all the country side.

Mrs. Hopper, the "Abigail Ann" of Mrs. Bubble's legendary reminiscences, heard the great news and drove down from Plum Hill to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found all that money," said she, dolefully, "in that old chist o' draw's, it's the law as all the heirs should divide equally."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hopper, "I told my husband as it was all a made-up story!"

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs. Bubble, laughing.

And then she related the precise circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath.

"I wish I hadn't chose the 'Death of Jonathan,'" said she.

"The cord broke last week, and it fell down and completely smashed my best set of china.

"I never had no luck with it."

"And served you right for your greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones to Mary, who, in the next room, was helping him to varnish a set of hanging shelves.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered Mary.

While old Mrs. Bubble smiled, and remarked sagely, that "nobody never knew exactly how things was goin' to turn out."

"But, she added, wiping her spectacle-glasses, "that chist o' draw's certainly did bring me good luck.

"It's paid off the last of the old mortgage, and laid in a stock o' real black walnut for Abel to work with, and got a new navy-blue cashmere for Mary.

"And if that ain't luck I don't know what is.

The Parson's Daughter.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

THERE was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died.

It was because Foxville curiosity was on the *qui vive* about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree, who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hasn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dress-maker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charm for her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school.

"She always cried over her parsing, and I never could make her understand cube root."

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge piously.

"But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did.

"Why, I don't suppose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch of fritters in all her life."

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle-glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockekge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge," said she, "took by a pretty face and a pair o' dark eyes.

"And they sat on the same bench at school.

"And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property, why, there wasn't no objection.

"But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance.

"So I've talked to Simon, and made him hear reason.

"There can't nobody live on air."

"But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered.

"My Simon will have property, and the girl he marries must have somethin' to match it."

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day.

The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somehow connected with grand larceny.

Joanna started up, her wan face brightening.

She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black velvet.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard——"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he.

"Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm sorry for you.

"But——"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she.

"You were saying——"

"It's mother," guiltily confessed Simon Lockedge.

"A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know.

"She says it's all nonsense, our engagement, and we shouldn't have anything to live on.

"And so," with a final effort, "we'd better consider it all over.

"That's the sense of the matter—now ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stuttered Simon Lockedge.

"I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said bitterly.

"One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love doesn't always wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjourning room, while Simon Lockedge, slinking out of the door like a detected burglar, muttered to himself—

"It's the hardest job of work I ever done in my life.

"But mother says it must be done, and she rules the roost in our house."

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

"Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befell you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmons," said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow, "because, if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me a little with the housework.

"I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elviry can manage.

"Of course you won't expect no day, but a good home is what you need most, and——"

"Stop a minute," said Joanna.

"Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages, Mrs. Emmons?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons.

"You'll sit at the same table with me and Elviry, and——"

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna, "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain, sooner or later, to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna courageously, "or rather dear grandpapa had.

"I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he.

"Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it.

"Copying?

"No, our firm don't need that sort of work.

"Do I know of any one that does?

"N-no, I can't say I do.

"But if I should hear of any opening I'll be sure to let you know.

"I am a little busy this morning, Miss Fox.

"Sorry I can't devote more time to you.

"John, the door.

"Good morning, my dear Miss Fox.

"I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had twenty-five thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well, and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short.

He was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful.

He understood there was a kind of glove factory to be opened on Walling River soon.

"No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there.

"Or there would be no objection to her going out to domestic service.

"There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject, and he thought——"

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitations, excused herself.

She would detain him no longer, she said.

And she went away with flaming cheeks, and resolutely repressed tears.

When she arrived home she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her.

He didn't wish to hurry her, he said, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place.

It was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new house, with all the modern conveniences for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed.

He didn't want to hurt any one's feelings, but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership.

They were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity.

Miss Woodin cried over her, and kissed her, and caressed her like an old maiden aunt.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna.

"I can't starve."

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great busy world," said Miss Woodin cheerfully.

"All one wants is faculty."

Joanna shrank a little from the hard word, which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing machine?"

"It's a type-writer," announced Miss Woodin.

"And I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" inquired Joanna.

"Anything I can get," answered Miss Woodin.

And thus in the heart of the great wilderness of New York Joanna commenced her pilgrimage of toil.

First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly journal.

Then, by means of a striking, original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the *Ladies Weekly* with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributor's list.

Then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist; until our village damsel had her pretty rooms furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the *Ladies Weekly*, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the *Foxville Gazette*.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the old parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it.

"For I am quite—quite sure that I could write there better than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna.

In her eyes, the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the sale.

Everybody was there.

They didn't have an auction at Foxville every day in the week.

Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive," said Squire Barton.

"These open-air concert-gardens are making no end of money in the cities.

"I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going."

Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought that if the place went cheap she would pay down a part, and give a mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," said he to himself, "and live there real comfortable.

"It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad, and we've got to sell the old farm.

"Nothing hasn't gone right with me since I broke off with the old parson's granddaughter.

"It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way.

"But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to his platform, and the bidding began at two thousand five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Three thousand!" said cautious Simon at last.

"Four thousand!" peeped Miss Dodge faintly.

"Five thousand!" said Simon resolutely.

"Seven thousand!" uttered the voice of a veiled lady in the corner.

Every one stared in that direction.

"'Tain't worth that," said Squire Barton.

"All run down—fences gone to nothing."

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"Nine thousand!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Twelve thousand!" spoke the soft voice decidedly.

"Twelve thousand dollars!" bawled the auctioneer.

"I'm offered twelve thousand dollars for this property.

"Twelve thousand — twelve— twelve — twelve!

"Twelve thousand, once—twelve thousand twice—twelve thousand three times and gone!

"What name, ma'am, if you please?" he asked.

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered—

"Joanna Fox."

The old personage was rebuilt, and studded with little bay-windows and mediæval porches.

Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds; and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on the old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said—

"She's done real well, Joanna has.

"I always knew there was something in her?"

And Mrs. Wentworth, and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

FAT FOOD NECESSARY. — Every full grown man and woman, and every youth, requires about two ounces of some kind of fat daily, as a portion of his or her diet, and if not taken as food, the time is hastened when it has to be as medicine, to simply prolong—it may be for a year or two—a miserable existence with consumption or other fatal disease in consequence, "dyspepsia" and loss of fat being commonly the first admonitions.

Anyone who long neglects to take a due proportion of fatty food to maintain bodily temperature will soon find himself growing lean, his system will live upon its interstitial fat—that which is distributed throughout the bodily tissues of healthy persons—and he will shortly begin to have dyspeptic symptoms on account of the deficiency in his food to maintain healthy nutrition. And for this condition, it is unfortunately too often the case, medicine or moonshine is given in promotion of the danger. Many persons who, from the cultivation of a vitiated taste for delicacies, or under the influence of bad advice, have lost the power of assimilating the fat of meats, may do much towards regaining the lost power by the use of well-made "shortened" bread—bread made of dough to which lard or butter is added; or some of the preparations of ground wheat or Indian meal.

Too Good to be True.

"I am gaining," writes a lady who is using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, "so rapidly in feelings and appearance, that it seems almost too good to be real. To have day after day, week and week pass without one of those heart troubles; to enjoy seven or eight uninterrupted hours of sleep at night; to have a good appetite and no inconvenience from stomach troubles; to feel quite comfortable and free from pain most of the time, is happiness without alloy." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Wife's Mistake.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

EVERYONE said that Clara Johnson was foolishly fond of her husband.

A nature as free from suspicion as hers proved an uncorrupted and incorruptible heart.

It was her custom in the long winter evenings, when her husband, deeply engaged in his business affairs, was absent, to prepare for his return a delicious little supper, and then, quietly awaiting his return, dream over his last words of love; for Clara was a foolish little blonde, and certainly loved well, if not wisely.

One evening she was surprised by a visit from a maiden aunt, who was noted for gossip, and had heretofore been very sparing of her visits to this house of wedded bliss. Alas! what untold miseries have resulted from the venom of the human tongue.

Clara's aunt on this occasion looked portentously dismal, and after a few commonplace remarks she launched at once into the subject-matter of her discourse.

"My dear," said she, "I suppose you are totally unaware of what is going on in the theatrical world?

"You have not heard of the extraordinary beauty of Mademoiselle Vera, the leading star at the theatre?"

"Aunt, you know my husband's time is so occupied.

"I dearly love the theatre, but I love him better, and I can't enjoy myself when he is toiling for me."

"But did you never think it strange" said Aunt Liza, "that Mr. Johnson, who is so immensely rich, should be forced to work so hard?

"Why, another woman would be mad with suspicion"

"Oh, Aunt Liza!" said the sensitive girl, as her eyes filled with tears, "I could not suspect the husband I have married and loved."

"Well, there are women and women, and you are one of the most trusting little dears I ever met.

"I trust you will never have any cause to repent of your fidelity."

Clara sat by the window at her house in Windsor, gazing at the star-embossed heaven, with a vague feeling of uneasiness which she found impossible to reason away. There have been cases where loving and faithful wives were deceived by those whom they cherished as the incarnation of goodness.

She had read many a novel, with tearful eyes, wherein those who seemed best and noblest proved base and vile.

She knew, in her short experience of life, that men were lured away by influences that they strived in vain to resist. All these thoughts came to her, and with them a firm resolve to question her husband that very evening.

The hours passed away, seeming centuries to the poor young wife who was thus rudely awakened from her dream of bliss by the venom of a woman's tongue.

At last, as the clock struck eleven, Clara heard the welcome step on the footpath, and was soon in her husband's arms.

For an instant doubt and suspense were at an end.

Gazing into that noble face, reading truth and love in those proud black eyes, it seemed impossible that such a one could harbor deceit or create misery.

Mr. Johnson consumed his supper with great relish.

He was satisfied with the loving gaze of his wife, and spoke but little; but astonishment was in store for him.

"Herbert," said Clara suddenly, nervously twining her hands, "what is this business that detains you in the evening? Oh, do tell me!

"Let there be no more secrets between us, or I shall die."

Mr. Johnson pushed his plate from him and regarded her attentively.

"My darling," he asked, simply, "who has been here?"

"No one—that is, Aunt Liza," answered Clara, wondering.

"Ah!" said Mr. Johnson.

"But, Herbert, you have not answered me; you treat me with contempt."

"Oh, no, my dear!" said Mr. Johnson, quietly; "not so.

"Come, love, you are overcome by nervousness and groundless suspicions.

"I promise you I will be more at home hereafter, and give to my little rosebud of a wife that love which her angelic disposition so justly deserves."

There was something in his quiet, self-possessed manner that set Clara's tortured mind completely at ease.

She kissed her husband fervently, and said, "Forgive me for doubting you, Herbert. It was my love caused my fear."

"There is nothing to be forgiven my sweet wife. Heaven bless and keep you always!"

Clara's eyes filled with tears, and the reconciliation was complete.

A few days after, Clara was startled from the window, gazing out with rare pleasure at the handsome equipages which passed past.

It was a splendid winter day, and there was snow on the ground.

[illegible] had [illegible] and [illegible] spent [illegible] evening [illegible] the very [illegible]

[illegible] case [illegible] and [illegible] homes [illegible] husband [illegible] suspicion [illegible]

It was a very [illegible]

of the chief virtues in her lovely character. Absorbed in her pleasant reverie, she had not noticed the approach of a maid, who handed her a letter.

A vague presentiment of evil came over her as she opened it.

It was from Aunt Liza, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR NIECE:—I regret exceedingly the position I am placed in, but feel bound under the circumstances to expose your husband's duplicity. I saw him unobserved, this forenoon, conversing in the lobby of the theatre with Mademoiselle Vera. I overheard enough to convince me that he is going to attend the performance to-night. He is cruelly deceiving you, and I strongly advise you to unmask his villainy and separate from him. Affectionately yours,

AUNT LIZA."

Clara crushed the letter in her hand, and sat there looking at the fast-falling snow, it was growing darker and he would soon be [illegible]. And then?

W[illegible]ould she show him the letter and de[illegible] in explanation?

N[illegible]

It would be met by equivocal replies, he was a master in the art of deception, but that night would end it for ever.

As she thought this, she felt a dull pain at her heart—and the evening grew deeper.

"Why, little wife, are you sitting alone in the gloaming?"

It was Herbert's cheery voice; he had entered unperceived.

"Herbert!"—the tone was forced and hol[illegible] you going out to-night?"

"Why, yes, my dear—I might have told you this morning.

"I have an important engagement. It will not be long now, pet wife!"

What did he mean? He could not see the weird beauty of that deadly pale face as she bade him farewell.

It was a gala night at the theatre. The benefit of Mademoiselle Vera, the fame of whose beauty and talent was whispered, had drawn a crowded audience; and boxes, orchestra, and gallery presented an animated scene.

There was one there, however, whose heart was aching with pain.

Yes, Mademoiselle Vera was beautiful; and there was no mistaking the fervent admiration with which she was regarded by all, but more especially by the solitary occupant of one of the boxes; and this person Clara recognized as her husband. How changed he looked!

The contamination of that woman's presence seemed to infect him with fever; there was an unnatural brilliancy in his splendid eyes, notwithstanding which his face looked worn and haggard. He was never so at home.

The curtain fell at last, and tumultuous applause brought Mademoiselle Vera before it.

She was greeted with flowers and cheers, which were treated by the pampered beauty with proud indifference, till at last a bouquet more elegant than the rest fell at her feet.

She gave a glance at one of the boxes, kissed her hand to the occupant and withdrew.

Clara felt the building swim round before her, but by a strong effort she controlled herself, and reached the entrance in safety. Shutting herself in her carriage, she waited patiently, much to the astonishment of her coachman, an unusually stolid individual, quite averse to advertising. Half an hour afterwards he received the welcome order to drive home.

Clara has seen her husband emerge from the stage entrance with Mademoiselle Vera. A deadly pallor passed over her countenance, and she fainted.

On arriving at home Clara proceeded to the drawing-room.

As she opened the door a cry of astonishment burst from her lips.

Mr. Johnson was seated in an easy chair, r[illegible]ing.

He looked up good-humoredly, and said, "Turn about is fair play; where has my pet wife been?"

Clara sat down wearily.

"Herbert, you can deceive me no longer. I was at the theatre to-night. I saw you, and know all."

"I was not at the theatre to-night. Clara, I do not like Aunt Liza; she has been here again."

"Herbert, am I mad? I saw you, and—and that woman!"

Mr. Johnson advanced, and took his wife's hand in his.

"My pet wife," he said, quietly, "the person you saw to-night at the theatre is my twin brother.

"Years ago he was obliged to leave the country on account of his participation in a mad escapade.

"Notwithstanding a long career of profligacy, I loved this erring brother of mine. I accumulated money by additional labor without impairing that fortune which, in the event of my demise, of right belongs to you. I have finally paid his debts, and summoned him back to his native land.

"He has improved but little, I am sorry to say, but his destiny is in his own hands, and he can make or mar it as he chooses. And now, my dear, are you satisfied?"

"Oh, Herbert, darling!—can you forgive me, wretch that I have been?"

"On one condition, Clara," said Mr. Johnson, smiling; "that you will never listen to Aunt Liza again."

THERE is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulties, which is the most prolific and dangerous of all diseases. There is no sort of need to have a form of kidney or urinary trouble. Hop Bitters is taken every day.

Scientific and Useful.

FIREPROOF PAPER.—Fireproof paper is being made from a mixture of vegetable fibre, asbestos, borax, and alum, in certain definite proportions; while an ink, also indestructible by fire, for writing upon it, is of the usual constituents, with the addition of graphite.

OYSTERS.—The oyster-growers on the coast of France have discovered that oyster shells which are thrown back into the sea produce thirty or forty-fold in two years. The theory is that the young oysters attach themselves to the old shells in preference to any other object on the bed of the sea.

ASBESTOS PAINT.—It may be mentioned that the fire-resisting properties of asbestos may be communicated to ordinary paint. Paint mixed with asbestos liquid is, we understand, largely used in this country for several purposes, such as coating wood exposed to heat. Three coats will render wood fire-proof, and it is found especially serviceable in hot climates, where wooden houses are general, to serve as a preventive against fire and as a non-conductor to keep the house cool.

NOTE MACHINE.—The pianist need now no longer despair. After innumerable attempts in past times to construct an apparatus which would print off characters representing any piece played on its keyboard, one has at last been devised which is successful. Its outward form is that of an ordinary cottage pianoforte, but hidden underneath the keys is a cylinder covered with paper. Upon this paper certain little nibs attached to the under-side of the keys make their mark, after being supplied by mechanical means with suitable ink. This transcribed harmony can afterwards be readily translated into the ordinary musical notation, a task which is sufficiently simple to be undertaken by a person of ordinary intelligence.

READING SOUND.—Reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with the best results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Farm and Garden.

A PET LAMB.—By training a pet lamb to come at the call, and afterward putting it with the flock, the owner can call his sheep wherever they hear him, as the pet will come, followed by the rest.

MILK-TESTS.—If all butter-makers would get suitable glasses and test each cow's milk separately, many times they would find that their best cow is the thinnest one. They might also find out that some cow considered good was really an unprofitable animal.

THE GARDEN.—The farmer who has a neat and well-kept garden is almost sure to have a neat and well-kept farm, a comfortable and well-supplied home, [illegible] outbuildings, and stock in good condition and [illegible] [illegible] garden, generally [illegible] a home of taste, pride, and [illegible].

STRAWBERRIES.—A new self-tending strawberry bed is the invention of a Californian. Fill with earth any sort of a barrel that has been bored well all around with inch holes. Plant strawberries in every hole and in the open top, root downwards and top outwards. It is a great success. It is quite ornate, and it will keep for several months in bearing.

POULTRY.—To fatten young poultry they must be cooped up in a clean, airy, but shaded coop set up some distance from the floor or ground. The coop must have a slatted bottom so as to allow the droppings to fall through and be removed or covered with dry loam. Feed regularly as often as three or four times a day as much as the birds will eat up clean. In a week they will be ready to kill.

CABBAGE-WORMS.—A satisfactory remedy tested, consisted of a mixture of [illegible] hot pond [illegible] of hard soap and kerosene oil to three gallons of [illegible]. This was applied August 20 in the [illegible] the following day showed many, if not [illegible] worms destroyed. The growing cabbage presents such a mass of leaves in which the worms may be concealed, that it is hardly possible to reach all at one application.

THE HORSE.—The upper jaw of a horse is broader across [illegible] than the lower jaw, and in grinding the food [illegible] motion there will be a portion of the upper teeth that will not [illegible], consequently there will be a sharp projecting point left on the [illegible] side of the upper jaw that will be very annoying to the animal, and will cause it to swallow its food without proper mastication, producing indigestion, staring coat, bad breath, etc. The projecting point soon [illegible] and is very annoying to the horse when the bit is in its mouth, as it [illegible] presses the cheeks against the teeth, wounding and [illegible] the soft parts. Every horse's teeth should be examined at least once a year, and if found out of order, the edges should be [illegible] smooth.

New Publications.

"Around the Ranche," by Belle Kellogg Towne. V. I. F. Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass. Price $1.25. Here is a story by a new author which will at once attract the attention of its readers and hold it from the first page to the last. The scene opens in the Colorado mining regions, and the author, who is evidently familiar with the localities described, gives a series of very vivid pictures of life among the mountain settlers. The main interest of the story lies in following out the career of its two principal characters, Dan Deering and Deb Gibbs. Both are children, bred under different auspices and conditions, and in most things totally unlike. The boy is city born and brought up, but at the death of his mother, when he is hardly more than ten years old, he is confided to the care of his brother, a miner in the mountains, an honest, hard-working man, who does his best to make his lot a pleasant one. Here his only playmate is Deb Gibbs, the daughter of a well-to-do but uncultivated settler, a girl of rare natural qualities, but wild and strong as an untamed colt. Her parents are proud of her, and are ambitious to have her educated and exposed to the refining influences of a different life from their own. An opportunity offers not many months after Dan's arrival in the mountains, and she goes with a family of summer visitors to their city home, where she enters upon a new and strange life, and one which is in many respects galling and uncomfortable. The narrative of her experiences is very interesting, and is full of suggestions for girls of like age who rebel against certain conditions of their lives. Just as interesting, too, is the story of the brief career of brave Dan. For sale by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is one of her most powerful and absorbing novels. Mrs. Southworth unquestionably stands at the head of all American fiction writers, for she has always been a great and deserved favorite with all lovers of sterling and intensely interesting romances, while her hold upon the public has strengthened year by year, until her name and novels have become a household word. An entire new, complete and uniform edition of all her works has just been published. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publisher, Phila. Price 75 cents each.

"Saul" is a dramatic poem written by Algernon Sydney Logan. It is founded on the Bible narrative, and is a creditable attempt to give ideal life to the characters involved. It has point, does not strain after effect, and besides is brief enough to be read at a sitting. Splendidly printed and bound. Price $1.00. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Ordinarily it would seem impossible for the illustrated *Magazine of Art* to go further in the way of excellence, but June number must be acknowledged superior to those that have preceded it. There are more pictures, all of the highest interest and artistic beauty, than usual, and the literature of this issue is also of exceptional attractiveness. Among the contents to be mentioned: Rosa Triplex, by Rossetti; A Modern Cosmopolis; Home Beauty; Women at Work; The Girl Student in Paris; Musical Instruments in Work of Art; Out of Doors; Virtuosity; etc., etc. Yearly subscription $3.00. Cassell, Potter, & Galpin, New York.

The Manhattan for May is certainly up to the high standard of previous numbers of that most excellent magazine. It is now only in its fifth number, but it has already given abundant evidence that is is "alive." Both in letterpress and illustrations it is admirable. The contents of the present number include: The Play Scene in Hamlet, after the painting by Daniel Maclise, (frontispiece;) A Study of Hamlet, (with illustrations,) by Henry G. Pedder; The Lady of the Patio, a poem, by G. W. Lathrop; Metamorphosis, a story, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; Where are the Sprites of Long Ago? a poem, by Edith M. Thomas; Cartoux, with illustrations, by S. G. W. Benjamin; Living and Loving, a poem, by M. A. N.; Set not thy Foot on Graves, a story, by Julian Hawthorne; To Richard Hengist Horne, a sonnet, by R. H. Stoddard; The Descendants of Louis Philippe, with illustrations; Margaret and [illegible], a story, by Lucia Dean Pierson, The Modern New Lutetia, by [illegible], [illegible] the Lyre, by G. H. Sargent, The [illegible] Scheme of Humanity by Count C. Vasili, M. D., [illegible], Notes upon Art, by A. P. Watkins, The Novel: Real Men and Women, by Frank D. Carpenter, [illegible] Town Talk, Scraps, [illegible] Magazine, New York. Subscription $3 per year.

Like all its predecessors, *Vicks Illustrated Floral Monthly* for May, is filled with the very best matter concerning the garden, flowers, etc. It is the best work of its kind published in the country. James Vick, Rochester, New York. Subscription $1.25 per year.

Outing, the illustrated magazine of recreation begins its second volume very much enlarged and improved. It is bright, original, and entertaining from its first line to the last. It is not by any means a sporting paper, but treats the whole idea, literature and application of recreation, in the best form. Two dollars per year, 20 cents a number. Outing Publishing Co., New York.

PAIN-KILLER is the best family liniment in the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE SEA-LION'S STORY—[CONTINUED]

SHE was old enough to know that the usual time for our leaving the Falkland Isles had nearly arrived, so when I told her the day was fixed, she was in haste for me to leave her, only making me promise that I would return next year, and meet her at the same place.

"Well, the year passed, and all the seal-lions who had been wandering through the southern ocean began swimming steadily toward the Falkland Isles.

"The old ones went first, and fought, as I told you before, I was still left behind.

"I dashed up and down longing for the battles to be over, so that I could crawl on shore and wait for my little mistress; and at last, when the houses were full, the happy moment came.

"Pomara had been attracted by the dreadful noise of the conflict, and was as usual peeping from behind a rock.

"How she knew me I cannot make out, but she did.

"Again the dear little creature ran to me, and she and I played about as before.

"But this time was not like the year before.

"I soon found that every moment of mine was watched by my cruel enemies.

"If I swam after a fish for my dinner, they bellowed—

"'He is catching it for Pomara.'

"If I managed to crawl away from the rest of the herd, two or three spies were sent after me to watch that I did not 'betray them again.'

"And how could I enjoy my romps with the little Indian when I did not know what malignant spirit might be peeping at me from behind a corner and grinning with glee."

"It was very hard," said Eva, pityingly.

"It was," assented the veteran.

"But that was not the worst, for one day my playfellow came down to my bath, and with many tears informed me that her parents had forced her to become servant to some white people who lived on the island.

"'I shall have plenty of food there, and they say I shall be happy,' she sobbed, 'but I shall not have you to play with, my poor Greybeard.

"'We shall have no more swims, or rolls, or fun!'

"I rubbed my head on her shoulder, and tried to console her, telling her that she could sometimes creep out when she was not wanted, and come to see me; but my heart told me our good time was over, and I was not deceived.

"She went away, and I was left desolate.

"At last I saw Pomara once again.

"She came one evening when it was getting dusk, and I scrambled to meet her.

"She had grown thin too, but we commiserated each other.

"Then, with her beautiful eyes shining with excitement, she said—

"'I have a grand chance for you, Greybeard.

"'I know you like changes, and that you are miserable here.

"'What would you say to going far away thousands of miles, to a place where you will be taken care of, and petted, and fed, and every one will love you, and dear little white boys and girls will go to see you?'

"I could hardly understand her, so I gazed at her inquiringly, and she went on—

"'There is a nice white gentleman who has been very kind to me, and he said one day he wanted to get a young sea-lion to take over the sea, to a place called America, where every one would admire him. I asked him if white people would be as kind to you as I have been, and he said yes, certainly, and that he would be very grateful if I got you to go along with him.

"'He promised faithfully that you would be very happy.

"'So what do you say?

"'Of course I shall miss you dreadfully, but I am afraid you are miserable, and perhaps it would be best for you to go.'

"'My dears,' pursued the sea-lion, 'I need hardly tell you what answer I gave her.

"I said 'yes' joyfully, but before we parted we had one more romp, one more swim, and then she went back to her master.

"Next morning a party of men, led by Pomara, came down to my bath.

"I swam into the most shallow part of it, and waited for orders.

"Pomara begged me to climb out on the bank, which I did, and then the men took me up and carried me off.

"They put me on board ship, and gave me a large tank to swim in.

"They fed me and petted me all through the voyage.

"But if I were to begin to tell you about that you would go to sleep, for the story is so long.

"Anyhow, when we reached America I was sent to the Zoological Gardens, and here I have been ever since."

"'Oh, poor fellow, ever since!' cried Jeff.

"'Do you not want a change?'

"'And did you never see Pomara again?' whispered Eva.

"I did want a change dreadfully at first," answered the hoary lion.

"I fretted and longed for it, but that was years ago.

"I have now got accustomed to my captivity.

"As for seeing Pomara again," he added, with a graceful bow to Eva, "that I have never done.

"I have no doubt she grew up to be as kind and gentle as a woman as she had been when a girl."

So saying, and with a half apology for diving, only he had talked so much his throat was quite parched, Mr. Sea-lion disappeared into the tank.

"Ah," said the elephant, "I'm afraid he has talked too much, and he ought not to make himself hoarse, for he is to sing at the banquet to-night."

"So am I," said a voice; and, turning round, Jeff and Eva perceived the ostrich beside them.

"Ah!" continued the ostrich, "you are surprised to see me on this side of the tunnel, but as it is not often I see this part of the gardens, I am making the most of it."

"So are we," answered Jeff; "and the animals are so good as to tell us a great deal about themselves.

"Perhaps you will tell us a story; you can't imagine how delightful it is for us to listen to the wonderful things that we have been hearing."

"I have nothing very wonderful to relate," replied the ostrich.

"However, I will do the very best I can."

THE OSTRICH'S STORY.

MOST of you know, I dare say, my dear children, that we ostriches do not bear a high reputation for wisdom—that, in fact, our foolishness has almost passed into a proverb.

"But, perhaps, like a good many human beings, we are not so foolish as we look, and it is certain that some of the stories told about our want of wisdom have been much exaggerated.

"But even those who make light of our intellectual powers, admit that we possess good moral qualities, that we are gentle and tractable, and endowed with kindly feelings.

"This is no more than doing us justice, as the story I am about to tell you will, I hope, prove.

"I was born in the desert, in the wilds of South Africa.

"But I was happy enough, for my surroundings were such as I had been used to from my birth.

"I had liberty, and freedom from anxiety or care.

"I was happy with my companions as we fed together in flocks on the scant herbage, or coursed with the speed of the winds over the wide, rolling plains—happy, had not man interfered with us.

"One day, while I was quietly and peacefully feeding with my comrades, I noticed an ostrich approach close to me with whose appearance I was unfamiliar.

"But I merely thought that the stranger was a member of some other herd who had strayed among us, and I took no further notice of him save to give a slight inclination of the head in the way of courtesy.

"Suddenly I heard a sharp whiz through the air, and the next moment I felt myself struck in the leg, and a sharp, keen thrill of pain run all through my body.

"I was struck by an arrow, and looking down I saw the weapon still clinging in my leg.

"I at once, though too late, understood what had happened.

"There was treachery in the wind, and the hunters, our enemies were upon us!

"But I was resolved not to yield without a struggle.

"My wound might be deadly, but as yet it did not feel so.

"With a vigorous effort I shook the arrow from my leg, and turning from the enemy—for what I had mistaken for a stranger bird was nothing more or less, I now knew, than a bushman dressed in the skin of a dead ostrich—I fled towards a belt of brushwood some distance off.

"You have heard that the ostrich always runs in a circle.

"Well, so most of them do, and in this respect I must admit that they do not show much wisdom, for it makes the hunter's task in pursuing them a much simpler matter than it might be.

"But now and then you find individual ostriches who are wiser than their brethren, and I, though it may seem like conceit to say so, was one of these.

"Convinced in my own mind of the truth of this theory of mine, I now put it to the proof.

"I held on straight for the friendly scrub, and ran as fast as my wound would permit, not even looking back to see how it fared with my companions.

"I reached the scrub, and then at last, turning round, saw that I was not being pursued farther.

"My strength was now utterly exhausted, for a crimson flood flowed freely from my leg, and fainting and bleeding, I dropped powerless upon the ground.

"I took I must have become unconscious, for when I next became clearly aware of what was passing around me the sun was sinking beyond the low hills in the west.

"I felt very weak, ill, and wretched, but the cool of the evening after the fierce heat of the African day was grateful, and brought with it some refreshment and calm to my feverish and excited frame.

"By-and-by, worn out by fatigue and weakness, I fell asleep, and in spite of the pain I felt, slept in a broken, restless way till day break.

"My leg now felt so stiff I could hardly move it.

"I could not even rise to procure myself any food.

"I sat thus, utterly forlorn and miserable, as well as in great pain, while the slow hours dragged on towards mid-day.

"I was beginning to feel quite hopeless and despairing, and careless what became of me, when I heard a slight rustling among the brushwood, and looking up beheld a negro youth standing close by me.

"He was armed with bow and arrows, and I expected nothing else than that he would despatch me with one of his darts.

"But he made no motion to attack me.

"On the contrary, he approached quietly and sat down near me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VIOLIN'S VOICE.

BY PERCY VERE.

THE dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Anita, Maestro Narditti's child, was fading away.

No tears, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now.

The Maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrows, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius and had bidden him call aloud to the world.

So Carissima and he had played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall.

The people said that never before had Maestro played so beautifully and that never before had the violin sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason.

But we do.

Both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by the child's bedside.

But she said—

"Do not weep—sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played to her, and she closed her eyes and listened to Carissima's voice.

It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and therefore, to be taken away to that fair land, where only the pure and the good and the true dwell.

Yet, it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind, and to know that they would be desolate, and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became sadder and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place.

Then the lingering notes died away, and the Maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again."

Once more he raised his bow on high, and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft or sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide, and amid the jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

"That gladsome song was for thee, my child," sobbed the Maestro, as he kissed the lips which were yet warm, and fondled the little hands which could never more be stretched out lovingly towards him.

"What is my portion on earth?

"I am alone, uncared for; all joy has gone from life.

"Oh, child, child! would that I might join thee, would that thou could'st come to me!

"But alas! all tears are in vain and yet I weep, and must forever weep."

But as he was weeping, some gentle strains seemed to reach his ears, and he listened and ceased his mourning.

For the sweet strains came from his dearly loved violin, and distinctly though gently he heard Carissima say—

"O, Maestro!

"I have loved thee all these years, I have been thy friend and faithful companion, and I have soothed thy cares for thee.

"I am still here by thy side, and yet thou sayest thou art alone, when I am nigh, to be to thee what I have ever been before, and more now since thou hast but me.

"And thou canst pass me by when I claim some kind word from thee?

"Hast thou none?

"Did I not love the child as thou hast loved her?

"Am I not part of thine own soul and life?

"Have I not a heart like thine?

"Maestro, through all these years I have responded to thy touch, and have answered thee in love and affection; answer thou now to me."

He listened as if in a dream.

"Thou art right, dear one, and I am wrong.

"Little Anita has gone away from us, and I loved her very tenderly.

"But I am not alone.

"Heaven has taken all else from me except my genius, which shall be with me forever.

"The things of the earth shall pass away, and wealth will vanish together with fame, honor and happiness.

"Yet genius, the soul of man, is immortal.

"Thou art my soul, Carissima! thou hast reproached me once, but never shalt thou do so more, for I feel and know that thou wilt be my comfort and my never-failing peace.

"Come, thou, soothe me, for little Anita lieth dead.

"She loved thee—sing to her once more.

"She will smile down on us and thank us for our sweet music."

The night sped on, and the moon shone brightly into the room of death, lighting up the face of the dead and the living, bedewed with tears, while the sweet voice of Carissima was answering as of old to her master's touch and comforting him in his grief.

If, dear friends, you were to ask me how it was possible for the violin to speak, I should remind you that Art and Nature have voices for all those who care to listen.

Does not a beautiful picture actually tell you its own tale, and does not a fine piece of architecture or sculpture bring to your mind the genius, and patience and loving labor bestowed on it?

"If you pick up a shell on the sea-shore, does it not confide to you all about itself and about the sea which has cast it out?

And what a history has not the wave-worn pebble to relate!

When you hear any lovely music, does it not thrill through you, awakening all your best thoughts and speaking to you like any human voice?

Thus it was that the violin spoke to the musician a language which he could understand, because it was the language of music.

And if you love music, as I hope you do, you will find that it will speak to you and soothe you when other powers are naught.

And when other pleasures are passing away, remember that the pleasures and advantage which the cultivation of an art or of any lofty subject brings, whether it be the Art of Music, or Painting, or Poetry, or the study of Nature, all eternal, ever fresh, ever varied and ever beautiful.

BENEATH THE SEA.—As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute.

Animals dredged from below seven hundred fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding.

Another strange thing is that, if the creatures in those lower depths have any color, it is of orange or red, or reddish-orange.

Sea-anemones, corals, shrimp, and crabs have this brilliant color.

Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple.

Not a green or blue fish is found.

The orange-red is the fish's protection; for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint, and hides it from its enemies.

Many animals are black, other neutral in color.

Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud.

Finally the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary sea-beach, showing that it is the eating-house of vast schools of carnivorous animals.

A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat, and spits out the rest.

Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat.

In that way come whole mounds of shells that are dredged up.

Not a fish-bone is ever dredged up.

A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honey-combed by the boring shell-fish, and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand.

This shows what destruction is constantly going on in those depths.

If a ship sinks at sea with all on board, it would be eaten by fish with the exception of the metal, and that would corrode and disappear.

Not a bone of human body would remain after a few days.

Nothing made by the hand of man was dredged up after cruising for months in the track of ocean vessels excepting coal cinders shoved overboard from steamships.

A Voice from the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLILAND.

July 25, 1878. *People's Advocate*, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE TWO SOWERS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

Death came to the earth, by his side was Spring,
They came from God's own bowers,
And the earth was full of their wandering,
For they both were sowing flowers.

"I sow," said Spring, "by the stream and the wood,
And the village children know
The gay glad time of my own sweet prime,
And where my blossoms grow.

"There is not a spot in the quiet wood
But hath heard the sound of my feet,
And the violets come from their solitude
When my tears hath made them sweet."

"I sow," said Death, "where the hamlet stands,
I sow in the churchyard drear;
I drop in the grave with gentle hands,
My flowers from year to year.

"The young and the old go into their rest,
To the sleep that waits them below;
But I clasp the children unto my breast,
And kiss them before I go."

"I sow," said Spring, "but my flowers decay
When the year turns weak and old,
When the breath of the bleak winds wears them away,
And they wither and drop in the mold.

"But they come again when the young earth feels
The new blood leap in her veins,
When the fountain of wonderful life unseals,
And the earth is alive with the rains."

"I sow," said Death, "but my flowers unseen
Pass away from the ken of men,
Nor sighs nor tears through the long sad years
Ever bring back their bloom again.

"But I know they are wonderous bright and fair
In the fields of their high abode;
Your flowers are the flowers that a child may wear,
But mine are the blossoms of God."

Death came to the earth, by his side was Spring;
The two came from God's own bowers;
One sow'd in night and the other in light,
Yet they both were sowing flowers.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

IT is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fuhkein are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him; and three souls—one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping of the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham. In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians; now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms," and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

Nobody in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are, indeed, so superstitious in regard to death, as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution—such, for instance, as "having become immortal."

After the body of the deceased is washed, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be recoined into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses, made of paper, are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods—sometimes for years.

Grains of Gold.

Goodness is the only happiness.

A foe to God was never friend to man.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

They truly mourn that mourn without a witness.

This is the essential evil of vice—it debases a man.

I am only glad, being praised, for what I know is worth the praising.

Dean Swift says he never knew a man rise to eminence who lay late in bed in the morning.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas.

Allow no form of pleasure to become such a ruling passion as to interfere with the serious work of life.

A man's ruin is never the result of his own folly—it is sure to be the fault, or treachery, of some one else.

Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain.

True politeness scorns deception; it has a kind and honest heart, shown in a kind and honest speech and conduct.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor.

Good men have the fewest tears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

Nothing can justify feelings of wrath, much less imprecation uttered by a Christian against any of the Lord's creatures.

We ought no more to despise a man for misfortune of the mind, than for that of the body, when it is such as he cannot help.

Religion is our life, being essential to our peace of mind, our support under the trials of life, and our fitness for the eternal world.

Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one; and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery.

It has been ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds can not be free. Their passions forge their fetters.

We ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors, and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but he may err if he will take no other's counsel but his own.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy. How cheap and easy is the service of virtue, and how dear do we pay for our vices!

Take self-conceit out of the heart, and its skepticism would melt away before the Gospel more quickly than the fog-bank on the river disappears before the face of the sun.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

God hath made many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels; and those He especially loves and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.

Three things principally determine the quality of a man—the leading object which he proposes to himself in life, the manner in which he sets about accomplishing it, and the effect which success or failure has upon him.

Unless we are prepared to assert that all goodness culminates in ourselves, and recedes from others in exact proportion to their distance from us, we must admit that our feelings are large factors of injustice in the judgments that we are all of us only too ready to form.

Femininities.

There are 49 female physicians in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Madame Patti wears a number one shoe, and a five-and-a-half glove.

There are 40,000 women in New York city who support themselves.

True love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unconstrained.

An old lady in Holland scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through it into the cellar. This should be a warning to housekeepers in general.

Gail Hamilton says that a Mormon is a husband who harnesses his wives abreast, and a man who has been a widower three times is one who drives them tandem.

A Louisiana woman recently patented a button that will readily attach to garments without sewing, and readily removed without injury to either button or garment.

Let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

In Lassell Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., girls are not only taught cooking, millinery, and dressmaking, but recently instructive letters on Common Law have been introduced.

A man at a friendly gathering boasted that he had been married 25 years, during which time he had never given his wife a cross word or look. He omitted to tell his hearers that he dared not do the one or the other.

Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens, widow of R. Stephens, has just been elected to succeed her husband as President of the First National Bank, of Marion, Iowa, and is said to be the first woman ever occupying the position.

It is stated by some wiseacre that the heart of a man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman about eight. As the age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and woman's lighter. Some girls lose theirs at sixteen.

The economical side of a woman's character shines forth with radiance when she succeeds in fastening an eighteen inch belt around a twenty-two-inch waist. Her justifiable pride in making both ends meet deserves condemnation.

They were discussing an elopement, and one lady, turning to her friend, said, "Don't you believe it would kill you if your husband was to run away with another woman?" "It might," was the reply; "great joy sometimes kills."

Priest: "Pat, I understand you are going to be married again?" Disconsolate widower: "Yis, your riv'rence." Priest: "But your wife, Pat, has only been dead two weeks." Disconsolate widower: "Yis, but shure ain't she as dead now as she iver will be?"

At a wedding in Canada, where the bride was very dilatory in arriving at the church, a lady remarked, concerning the affair: "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here, when she has been waiting twenty-six years for just such a chance as this."

In Hindoostan when a husband dies his widow burns herself to death on a pile of cord-wood. This custom possesses one excellent feature. A Hindoo doesn't pay the interest on a life insurance policy for ten thousand dollars for his wife's second husband to spend.

A fifteen-year-old girl had charge of seven important switches on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, and a sixty-year-old woman has charge of the Macon Junction switches, over which pass all trains from Columbus, Montgomery and Atlanta.

"I don't want no rubbish, no fine sentiment, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple—something like this: 'Wm. Johnson, aged 25 years. The good die young.'"

A novelty has been introduced at the afternoon teas in London by a lady who receives a great deal. It is a silver cake-lifter, very much like a pair of sugar-tongs, only shorter, and with broad, flat ends. It is used for carrying cake to the mouth, and prevents soiling the gloves.

It is discouraging to see so many excellent women, blessed with plenty of time, money and brains, content with trifles, when so much grand work is waiting to be done; and in the doing of it they would find the genuine culture, happiness and success which so ennobles life.

The best adviser a wife can have is the husband who loves her, who faces the hardships and braves the toils and cares of life for her sake; and, vice versa, man's best adviser is his wife, who, as a rule, is true and faithful, if accorded even moderately fair treatment from him.

A church in a western town has secured the patronage of all the young ladies in the place by introducing single seats which revolve on pivots. Young ladies can examine toilets in any part of the house without dislocating their necks almost. Thus piety and comfort go hand in hand.

Congestive or nervous headache is often greatly relieved by bathing the head with water as hot as can be borne, and the application will seldom have to be repeated more than once before the patient will fall into a refreshing sleep. Bathing the head and eyes with bay rum is also cooling and quieting.

When I hear a woman speak with contempt of the opinion of the world, it argues in her neither good feeling, cleverness, nor true courage. True courage (in woman) consists in at once giving up what may be agreeable and innocent in itself, rather than risk having one's good name called in question.

Emma Bode, of New York, aged 17, alleges that Henry Mayburger, aged 20, promised to marry her. Her father brought suit, demanding $2,000 damages for the loss of her services. She testified that every Sunday from November 1881 to February 1882, she went out with Mayburger. He used to sit on a fence near her house and wait till she came out. The jury gave the father a verdict for the full amount claimed and costs.

News Notes.

To take stains from zinc, use kerosene.

To keep brass bright, rub with fine wood-ashes.

To remove rust from flat-irons, rub with beeswax.

Bind on tea-dust to stop flow of blood from cuts.

Better scour tinware with wood-ashes than sand.

In a sick room, fill paper bags with coal and lay on fire.

Mayor Carey, Pleasantown, Kan., is but 23 years of age.

Lord Byron was a very fat boy, his latest biographer says.

Bouquets of primroses are mingled with maiden-hair ferns.

When there is sickness in the house it is well to oil door-hinges.

Cole, the circus man, is 33 years old, and said to be worth $4,000,000.

Montreal is experimenting on the use of electricity on its horse cars.

A Frenchman has offered a prize of $5,000 for a cure for diphtheria.

They are paying 1 cent bounty on sparrow-heads in Evansville, Ind.

Colorado is one of the few States that can boast to-day of freedom from debt.

A Dresden artist has made a watch entirely out of paper, which keeps good time.

Wendell Phillips hopes that the day will come when no man will smoke on the street.

Farmers in the United States have $12,210,253,227 of capital invested in their business.

Of the one hundred and six members of the Texas Legislature only twenty are natives of the State.

Many of the Jews in Germany are in favor of transferring their Sabbath to the Christian Sunday.

It is said that decaying cabbage will produce diphtheria sooner than any other nuisance about the house.

Oakland county, Ill., has spent $10,000 in trying a man for murder three times, who was acquitted at last.

The process of substituting steel sleepers for wooden ones has begun with great success on German railways.

There is a Chinese Catholic school on Clay street, San Francisco, in which 35 Chinese are under instruction.

Out of 9,027,993 registered letters and packages carried last year by the Postoffice Department, 720 were lost.

A careful estimate places the losses by fire in this country for eight years at $208,447,000, or $74,180,951 per year.

One of the Communists of Paris, a Mme. Minck, recently had her son christened Lucifer Satan Vercingetorix Minck.

Last year there was an increase of nearly $25,000,000 in the deposits of savings banks in the State of New York.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads of air per hour.

Atlanta is the capital of one of the old thirteen colonies, yet there is not a male voter in the city who was born in it.

Fifty raw eggs, two bananas, and a hearty supper made an evening meal for an Illinois man, who slept soundly after it.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island are now the only States which indulge in the luxury of electing a Governor every year.

Rockford, Ill., has a new social craze in soap-bubble parties, at which a prize is given the lady blowing the biggest soap-bubble.

Gustave Aimard, author of many tales and novels of adventure, is now in an insane asylum, a victim to softening of the brain.

The average period of sunshine for the last three months, in London, Eng., has been about half an hour a day—not more—a correspondent writes.

The United States has one veterinary surgeon to every 200,000 domestic animals, against France, which has one surgeon for every 1,100 horses; Germany one for every 1,500.

It is estimated that in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana a total population of about 200,000 people, white and colored, are dependent upon the cultivation of rice.

Urial Driggs, aged 81, married Mrs. Bedell, aged 75, at Lockport, N. Y., recently. They had been on the point of marrying twice in early life, each time marrying some one else.

The Duke of Edinburgh is responsible for the latest English craze—mule riding. He introduced the fashion by riding one of the particularly fine mules which he obtained in Egypt.

Some tramps made free with an unoccupied house in Minnesota, slept in the comfortable beds, used the cooking utensils and stove, and for a week enjoyed life. Then they learned that they were in a small-pox pest house.

When the boat people of Canton hear the first sound of thunder in their new year, they always hammer the boards of their boats, which ceremony is supposed to drive away the bugs and other parasites with which they are tormented.

The best story told recently about a new mine is that one of the owners, with a hammer and chisel, cut out a solid lump containing $2,700 in gold. One of the men was sent off with a message when the ledge was struck, and while he was absent his employer took out $10,000 more.

How She Married Him.

M. M. O.

HARRIET BUCKTHORNE had survived, by a considerable period, whatever of feminine charms and graces she might have once possessed, when a handsome fortune dropped down upon her as if from the clouds.

Had the riches come a score of years sooner there is no telling what might have been.

Harriett's attractions had never been, so to speak, dazzling.

But twenty years have great potency in turning dimples into wrinkles and lines of beauty into crow's feet.

And many an adventurous Coelebs who might have found Miss Buckthorne a match not unacceptable, with such a fortune, at twenty-five, passed her by at five and forty, saved from the sin of covetousness by the reflection that she and her money were inseparable conjuncts.

Even Topham Gynblaney, the daily problem of whose life was to keep adjusted the balance between a very moderate income and quite expensive tastes, and who looked upon a thrifty marriage as the goal of human wishes, after a few visits of reconnoissance to Harriet, which left him in little doubt that he had but to say the word to receive a gracious answer, left the word unspoken.

Mr. Gynblaney's visits had ceased for some weeks, when a message came one day that Miss Buckthorne was quite ill—had fallen into a decline, in fact—and had been given up by Dr. Croke.

She desired to see Mr. Gynblaney and such other friends as might wish to bid her farewell ere she started on that journey whence there is no return.

Of course there was no refusing such a quest.

Decorously clad in solemn black, and with a face put on to match, Topham Gynblaney presented himself at the invalid's door.

"How is she, doctor?" he inquired, gravely, of a dried-up little man, who met him at the threshold with a countenance in which was lined a whole homily on the vanity of hope.

"Sinking rapidly," Doctor Croke replied.

"Those who wish to see her alive have no time to spare."

"There is no chance for her, then?"

"Not the slightest.

"Constitution gone—nervous system shattered—lungs collapsed—no recuperative force—no——"

"How long do you think she'll last?" interrupted Topham, anxiously.

"Eight-and-forty hours at the furthest; more likely less than half of it.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"I called for that purpose," returned the other.

"Let me apprize her of your presence," said the doctor.

"In her present state any sudden surprise might prove fatal."

After a brief absence the doctor returned.

"This way," he said, leading the visitor to the sick-room.

Mr. Gynblaney was shocked at the spectacle that met him.

His heart, we have hinted, was pretty tough.

But tough as it was, it was touched at the sight of that pale, emaciated face—enough of itself to dispel all doubt of the truth of the doctor's predictions.

"This—is—very—kind—of you, Top—Mr. Gynblaney, I mean," the sick lady murmured, a spasmodic cough interrupting her words.

Mr. Gynblaney took the chair placed for him at the bedside, and clasping in his own the thin hand extended to welcome him, returned its trembling pressure.

The doctor and the nurse retired to prepare a posset for the patient, leaving the latter and Mr. Gynblaney alone.

"I trust you will be better soon," said Mr. Gynblaney, with well meant hypocrisy.

"That—is—past—hoping—for," was the scarcely audible answer.

"Doctor—Croke—has—told—me—the—worst."

Dr. Croke, we may here remark, always told his patients the worst. If they got well, the more credit to him. If they died, of course it wasn't his fault.

A sudden thought flashed upon Mr. Gynblaney.

If he could only marry Miss Buckthorne *now!*

In two days, or less, he would be a widower, and the lawful possessor of his wife's fortune. Here was an opportunity indeed!

Rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief until they watered and looked red from the force of the friction, he gave the hand in his another and more tender pressure.

"Dear Harriet," he whispered softly, between his sobs, "how—how—cruel that—that we sh—should be parted thus!"

"Cruel—indeed!" she answered.

"I have long cherished the purpose," he went on hurriedly, mastering his emotion with an effort, "of asking you to be mine. Diffidence alone restrained me. But if you will even now consent——"

"Do—you—feel—that—it—would—be—a comfort—to you—Top—Topham, dea——"

The cough would not allow her to finish.

"It would!—it would!" he exclaimed, with a burst of well-feigned feeling.

"To call you mine but for an hour, though I lost you the next, would for ever link my soul to a precious memory which—which—"

Mr. Gynblaney was on the point of ending his flight in an inglorious flop-down when Harriett came to the rescue.

"It—shall—be—as—you—please,—dear," she sighed.

"No time is to be lost!" he cried, springing up.

"Let us apply for a special license!"

Just then the doctor and the nurse returned, and Mr. Gynblaney departed. In a few hours he returned with the license, the minister was summoned, and a few minutes sufficed to make Topham Gynblaney and Harriett Buckthorne one.

A tinge, which might have passed for a blush twenty years ago, overspread the bride's countenance.

For some moments she lay like one entranced with happiness.

"Toppy, dear," she said, when they were again alone, "I feel as if I could eat something; they've kept me on gruel until I'm nearly starved."

"What would you like, dearest?"

"Some tea and toast, and chops, and boiled eggs, and——"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the doctor, entering in time to catch a portion of the list, "do you wish to commit suicide?"

"What hurt can it do?" she answered.

"You have already told me there is no hope."

"I think we might as well gratify her," her husband added.

And finding himself outvoted, the doctor held up his hands in horrified protest.

The repast was brought, and received ample justice.

Next morning Mrs. Gynblaney was up by time, packing her trunks for an elaborate wedding-tour, from which her husband and the doctor strove in vain to dissuade her. It would be hard to tell which of them was most amazed.

Both were firmly convinced that the age of miracles was not yet passed, unless, as the disconsolate Gynblaney half suspected, he had been made the victim of a cunning plot.

Ten years have passed, and Topham Gynblaney has still the old problem to puzzle over; for Mrs. Gynblaney holds her own purse-strings, and insists on "Toppy's" living on his own income.

THE MARRIAGE STONE.—In the masonry of the College of Sacra Monte in Granada, Spain is a stone which tradition credits with power of insuring the marriage within a year of anyone who touches it. On April 3, 1882, two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital and were shown over the College with unusual deference by one of the resident clergy. When they came to the "marriage-stone" the Padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers which popular superstition ascribed to it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who complied with special unction, touching the stone not once but repeatedly. The young ladies were the Spanish Infantas Doña Isabella and Doña Paz, and it was the latter who put the old tradition to the test. She was married to Price Louis of Bavaria on April 2, 1883, and the people of Granada are more than ever convinced that the "marriage stone" is a priceless treasure.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

MEN'S WICKED WAYS.

He kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right—
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go—
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
He took the kiss. I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame—
I wonder when he'll call again!

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

Romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears.

The washwoman's toast: "Let's soap for the best."

Cheap out-of-door breakfast—A roll on the grass.

A little boy denounced his snoring brother for "sleeping through his nose."

Economy is the mother of riches, sure enough; but she does not have a large family.

Because horses are used to reins, it does follow that they are unaffected by wet weather.

Why is the 12.50 train the most difficult one to catch? Because it is ten to one if you catch it.

A good sign—One that will stand the weather a good many years without the paint rubbing off.

The professional money-lender never neglects his business. He always takes all the interest possible in it.

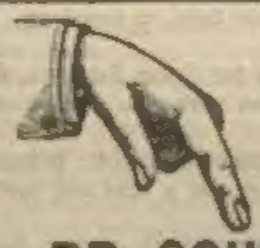
"Is there anything that can live in a real hot fire?" asked Ethelinda. "Yes, live coals," answered Evelinda.

The demand for napkin rings made of wood grown at Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, is proving a great drain upon the forests of Maine.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 31 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**



DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

The Great Vegetable Substitute for Mercury.

They do not produce sickness at the stomach, nausea or griping. On the contrary, they are so mild and agreeable in their action that a person suffering with sick headache, sour stomach, or pain in the bowels, is speedily relieved of these distressing symptoms. They act directly on the liver, the organ which, when in a healthy condition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

They are a perfect preparation of that great and well-known remedy, Mandrake or Podophyllin, a remedy that has displaced the use of mercury, as well as many other poisonous drugs, in the practice of every intelligent physician.

Prof. John King, of the College of Medicine of Cincinnati, says: "In Constipation it acts upon the bowels without disposing them to subsequent costiveness. In Chronic Liver Complaint there is not its equal in the whole range of medicines, being vastly more useful than mercurial agents, arousing the liver to healthy action, increasing the flow of bile, and keeping up these actions longer than any other agent with which we are acquainted." (See American Dispensatory, page 720.)

In all cases of Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia, when there is great weakness or debility, Dr. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic should be used in connection with these Pills.

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES:
MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and PULMONIC SYRUP

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. Dr. Schenck's book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, in English or German, is sent free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vitals Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price. Humphrey' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,' 562 Fulton Street, New York

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Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Clothes, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application. Mailed.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS. **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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25 Comic Returned Envelopes, with name and address, 10c. 50 Chromo Cards, with name, 10c.; all for 25c. **Nutmeg Card Co., Cheshire, Conn.**

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Cure guaranteed. Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Phila.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

THAT GOOD YOUNG MAN.

THE young man who never knows when to go home is not peculiar to any town or village. He is generally a serious and silent person, who has but little to say for himself, and does not make that little interesting. He is not often handsome, and his clothes never fit him. He is not vain; in fact, he had to struggle with himself a long while before he could muster up courage to call on Miss Pamela, in the first place; but having come, he sticks to the sofa as if he was glued to it, with his fingers interlaced, his knees together, and his toes turned in.

He comes very early, almost before the tea-tray has been cleared, and he gets through with his remarks about the weather and his inquiries as to each member of the family very speedily.

Then mother gets her knitting, and father takes up his newspaper, and they retire a little in the background, near the lamp on the table. Young people should have a little liberty.

Augustus is a good young man, and his father owns property of value.

Miss Pamela might do worse.

They appear absorbed in each other, but they listen to their parents.

Pamela's mother sits in her chair, and makes a remark at intervals.

The good young man answers, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," and "Is it so?" and "Dear me!" at random.

He is thinking how pretty Miss Pamela is, and how stupid he is.

He is wondering why he cannot be brilliant and amusing like some young men.

Pamela is wondering so, too.

She folds her hands and unfolds them, and plays with the buttons of her dress, and asks him if his sister is suited with her dressmaker, and if they have the old red cow yet, and other questions of deep import.

He answers, "I dunno," and watches her intently, as she hides a gape behind her fingers.

He is conscious of the fact that as he has "said nothing" to Miss Pamela, and is not recognized as a suitor, he is merely a caller. He knows he ought to go, but he cannot make up his mind to the effort necessary to rising and saying he must now depart.

Such simple sentences as "I think it's time to go," or, "'Ma will be expecting me," seem to long for his tongue. Besides—he doesn't want to go.

Why does not Pamela's father rise and say, "You desire to pay attention to my daughter; I approve; take my blessing," and go away up-stairs, or to the kitchen, or anywhere?

Why does not Pamela's mother, in that trustful fashion prevalent in some country places, fold her knitting and silently steal away to bed?

Why doesn't Pamela get them away somehow? Pamela gapes again.

The head of the family ostentatiously takes out his watch, and compares it with the clock. The young man moves his feet nervously, and kicks under the sofa the hat which bashfulness has prompted him to put on the floor.

Now he decides that he never can go. How shall he go down on his knees and feel for that hat before Pamela? The clock strikes again. Pamela's father has fallen asleep and is snoring awfully. Pamela has stopped saying anything. The mother has given up expecting this good young man to go, and is staring at him in solemn despair. He feels it all. At last he struggles up, almost stands on his head to look for his hat, finds it, says good night to the back of his host's bald head, and bolts to the door. As he goes down the garden-path he happens to look back, and sees a shadow on the white shade stretching out its arms in a woful yawn. He hopes it is the "old lady," but it is awfully like Miss Pamela.

THE GIRL FOR YOUR MONEY.—A physician writes to young men as follows—"My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that the Creator never gave man a greater proof of His love than to place woman here with him. My advice is—go and propose to the most sensible girl you know.

M. S.

Every household is liable to be visited by sudden sickness. Often it occurs in the night, distant from the doctor, nothing in the house to give relief, the patient is sure to get worse. A box of Ayer's Pills, in such an emergency, would arrest disorders which, if not taken in season, may become deadly.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Nishnabotna, Mo., April 16, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. L. L.

Columbus, Ind., April 17, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. S.

Hamilton, Mo., April 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

D. N. C.

Prestonsburg, Ky., March 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Marengo, Ill., April 17, '82

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. J. S.

Cuba, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. D.

Sevierville, Tenn, April 16, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. H.

Saratoga, N. C., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

P. S. B.

Brantford, Kans., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. F.

Mt. Union, Iowa., April 16, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

W. S.

Montgomery, Ky., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

F. W. S.

St. Joe, Mo., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

N. J. A.

Carthage, Mo., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. R.

Columbus, O., April 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. M. S.

Laporte, Ind., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. K.

Lewis, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. S.

Belmont, Wisc., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. A. H.

Auburn, Mich., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

S. B.

Facetiæ.

A nobby thing in boots—A bunion.

A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow.

He must have been a man of experience who dubbed the baby-carriage a "cycicle."

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. And they get them, too.

Buds are like some pretentious merchants. They swell at first only to burst and leave soon after.

If a man finds seventeen inches of tarred rope in one plug of tobacco, how many inches will he find in twenty-one plugs?

If it takes a fall of twenty eight feet from a chestnut tree to break a boy's arm, how far would he have to fall to break his neck?

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly undesirable, and some of the March days were really rare.

An Alabama judge has decided that a man who puts his satchel on a seat in the cars reserves that seat—unless the man who moves it is bigger than he is.

The way to effectually stop an amateur flute-player is to waylay him some night and knock out his teeth. It is the surest way, and it is less objectionable than murder.

The remains of a man have been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii, with his hands on his stomach. We did not know that the cucumber was invented at that early date.

An old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next door neighbor. "Well," she said, I am not the one to speak ill of anybody; but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith."

A young surgeon spends his leisure hours in practicing on the cornet, and passers-by, thinking amputation is going on inside, are deluded as to the number of the man's patients.

It is said that "if you play on an accordeon near an oyster, the oyster will open its shell." Whether this is because it wants to listen or is looking for a chance to escape, is not known.

"I haf only von brice for my goods," said one of our clothing merchants to a customer the other day, and then in an aside to his clerk he added, with a wink, "and dot vos de brice he vos villing to gif."

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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No. 21 & 23 South Sixth St.,

Between Market and Chestnut Streets, and

DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.

Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. D. LANDRETH & SONS.

John Wanamaker's STORE

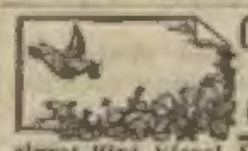
Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harloch Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

SWAYNES PILLS Important to the Sick! Symptoms indicate disease, a continuance, days of suffering,—perhaps Death! Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour belching, soreness in back, breast and side, heart pains, giddiness, bad color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.



OUR NEW CARDS. 1883. 50 Different Designs; Bird, Floral, Gold Panel, German, French-Italian and Oriental Views, summer, winter, moon, light and marine scenes, all in beautiful colors on superbly enameled board, with your name in fancy script type, 10c. A 30 page Illustrated Premium List sent with each order. Agents make 50 per cent. Full particulars and samples for 3c. stamp. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn

Farmers Knife Made of razor steel, fine handle, inlaid nickel plate. This wonderful Knife is almost as useful as an entire carpenter shop, and much handier. It has screw driver, claw, knot cutter, machine for taking stones from horses' feet, rimmer, brad-awl, nut-cracker, corkscrew, steel scraper blade, and a large, strong, wide blade. It is a full-size Knife. Entire length, with blades shut, 4 inches; weight, about 4 ounces. We bought 200 dozen of these knives, at forced sale, for one-half their value. Will send one by mail, prepaid, for 60 cts. Every knife guaranteed exactly as represented, or money refunded. Stamps taken. C. H. W. HATES & CO., 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Always ask for

PENS! ESTERBROOK'S.

For sale by all stationers. 26 John Street, New York.

Beautiful Chromo Pallets Acts, each; 5½x7½ Oleographs, $1.15 per 100; 12 samples for 20c. 1st 10X 14, Garfield Family, 10 cts. each. Six funniest cards out for two 3ct. stamps.

J. LATHAM & CO., 929 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

LOVERS Package, greatest thing out! for young men and ladies. With this package you can make those laugh who never laugh. You can have beaus or lots. Don't fail to order one. Only 10c. postpaid. WORTH BROS., 102 Sixth St. New York

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH **AND NOT WEAR OUT.** SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 26 Day St., N. Y.

BOYS Send us 6 cents in stamps, and we will send you by mail an article you can have lots of fun with all summer.

WESSON MANUFACTURING CO., Providence, R. I.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

40 Fancy Transparent Cards (for boys,) name and set of Flirtation Cards, 10c. 30 Prize Chromos, 25c. Agents' Sample book 25c. Gem Card Co., East River, Ct.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

AGENTS WANTED

Champion WASHING MACHINE.

Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.

SEAMAN & CO., Milford, N. Y.

Portraits Agents wanted to get orders daily the year round. $2 profit on each order; outfit free. Send at once for circular and terms.

SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 25 Bond St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila'a, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Prize Circular free **CARDS 13 4S 25 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Cromo Silk Fringe Cards, (any name) French & Swiss Florals, Motto, Remembrance & Verse Cards, in fancy script type, 10c, 11 packs $1.00 or 25 Gold Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. Our Beautiful bound Sample Album for 1883 with 13 Premium List, Agents' Price List, &c., 10c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. Last cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

Splendid 20 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Parder, New Haven Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

As the season advances, and the demand for the new fabrics increases, the beauty and variety of design and coloring grows more and more apparent.

The spring materials are gradually yielding to the summer ones, and sateens, flowered or wafered, ginghams, either checked, plain, or with a broche lace pattern over them, llamas, with a printed cashmere pine design, a series of shaded discs, or plain, and Scotch plaid zephyrs, are to be the popular favorites of the season.

A red and blue plaid, both in zephyr and gingham, will be particularly fashionable: and also cream or pale blue sateen, studded with brown wafers, the crushed strawberry color reigns supreme at present, and will probably continue to do so during the summer and autumn, as it is both becoming and pretty.

Among the novelties is an ottoman in striped nun's veiling, in beautiful colors, with alternate three inch stripes of ottoman silk and nun's cloth.

This is to be made up with plain nun's veiling, and will form a stylish costume. There is also Drap de Cannes, which is a closer kind of nun's cloth, and a pretty Monte Carlo plaid, in the fashionable shades, shot with lines of gold silk, wonderfully light and cool.

Checked Surahs, in small squares within a large one, checked and broche taffetas, broche cashmerines, and chine ottoman silk are among the other attractive novelties.

The broche, mixed with the minute checked shot taffetas, is much worn by young ladies for visiting costumes, and the shades are excessively pretty.

The kilting or plaiting in the front of the skirt is tucked, or ornamented with three or four rows of narrow velvet, and the bodice and draperies are of the broche.

There is a new washing Canton crepe, in cream, crushed strawberry, and a few other colors, which is likely to be in request for summer dresses.

It resembles the finest Turkish towelling, or coarse China crepe, with a crinkled surface.

Ottoman shot sateen in pale terra cotta, gray, and other colors, is also new, the ground being composed of close, narrow stripes, imitating the repped ottoman surface.

There is a new shade of pink mauve, which is beginning to make its way, called "Palestine," and also a rich burnished coppery gold called "Congo."

The electric blue, though pronounced to have had its day, still continues to be a favorite, and appears in brocades, nun's veilings, satins, and velvet.

A beautiful design in plush brocade on satin, consists of a large ripe strawberry in cut plush on a gray satin ground.

The shops are now showing summer novelties and fashions, in morning and evening dresses, mantles, &c.

Many exquisite trimmings in the new shawl designs, some being on brown net in various widths, others on cream and ecru net.

The new beige or ecru batiste embroideries are likely to be worn on both evening and fete dresses, mixed with lace, and made up with the new French batiste.

Also beige silk Spanish lace, cream silk lace, and embroideries in colors, shot with threads of gold.

In satin brocades there is one grand design to be used for trains or the panels of a costume, consisting of grouped holly hocks in fancy colors.

There are three pretty fancy patterned nun's veilings, in several shades, intended to be arranged with satin or silk.

One costume, with dark brown moons on a beige or ecru ground was gracefully draped over wide plaitings of dark brown ottoman silk.

Each plait or panel appeared to be plushed, and then laced together with brown ribbon velvet.

The bodice was trimmed to match, and the smart little cape, reaching below the waist, was open down the back to show a plaiting of brown silk, and laced across with the velvet, finished off in loops.

A lovely dinner or fete dress for young ladies, or for bridesmaids, is composed of the new gauffre ottoman silk of a delicate pink, with chine stamped roses, arranged with plain pink, and a profusion of lace.

Another lovely costume is composed of the new pale blue French batiste (which is in several colors) mixed with lace and rich cream-colored batiste openwork embroidery. A walking dress for a young lady is composed of a kilted front of the new chameleon shot silk, in tiny checks, with pointed bodice and drapery of crushed strawberry cashmere.

The sides are draped in paniers, with a puff above each, and the back falls in box-plaits, below one puff coming from the waist.

In mantles, there is one composed of lace and jet, covering the shoulders, but not hiding the figure; others in brocaded gauze.

One of the leading houses has prepared many novelties for the present season, as summer or winter tailor-made clothes find favor with womenkind.

A novel kind of Newmarket has an epaulette cape, viz., with a stuffed epaulette put above the shoulder on the cape.

Another has the same addition to a cape consisting of six small capes, graduated gracefully in front.

The backs of these Newmarkets are variously arranged, one with two wide box-plaits, three small single plaits on either side; the other with six small plaits meeting in the centre.

The public are apt to confound Ulsters and Newmarkets. The distinction is, that the Ulster is a loose fit, the Newmarket a close fit, with a cross seam at the waist. An Ulster is after the order of a man's overcoat—a Newmarket is cut like a frock coat.

"The Brighton" has the cape caught up beneath a rosette at the back, while another example, the Hastings, has a sleeve piece, which comes from the side at the back, and forms both cape and sleeve in front.

The firm have introduced a novelty for these loose caped cloaks, viz., a half sleeve, fastened to the armhole with straps, buttoned on and off.

With all caped cloaks after the style of the Inverness a large armhole is necessary, too large for a sleeve, but in this way the difficulty is got over, and the comfort and warmth of a sleeve secured.

The description of a few of the new dresses will illustrate the fashions. A plain brown cloth bodice, pointed in front and having a large basque at the back, with the check material between the plaits; a brown skirt and deep kilted flounce; a check tunic pointed in front, and bunched up at the back.

On a red and blue check dress with drapery is a bodice with a long all-round basque—the tunic fastened to it at the back and sides, and falling on to a kilted skirt, the bodice totally untrimmed.

A brown and white check is made after the Highland garb, a series of double-pointed tabs round a kilt-plaited skirt, having a wide box-plait in front, the tunic only at the sides.

There are several new shapes in hats. The Marguerite, with its point in front, closely resembles a bonnet.

A jockey cap has a plaited crown, while other shapes, as well as jockeys, have the crowns gathered all over.

For the coming warm weather very short, richly braided outdoor jackets are prepared—fitting the figure closely.

The newest shades in plain cloths are some novel smoke tones and snuff browns.

The light bonnets are beginning to show, and white straws trimmed with black velvet, edged with drooping daisies, or shaded forget-me-nots, are popular.

Also colored straw, with full velvet binding and strings, and an aigrette on one side. A cream ottoman silk, or terry velvet, would have humming birds in a cluster of marabouts on one side, for a fete bonnet.

Green chenille bonnets, with ottoman silk strings, and a single rose, with leaves and buds, are new; also terra-cotta straw trimmed with the shawl lace, shot with gold, and darker velvet.

At present the bonnets are small, younger ladies wearing those with the sloping crowns, called "skulls," and older ones those with flat crowns and raised brims.

Gold trimming is most popular, and so are the new shapes covered in gold or iridescent tinsel.

Fireside Chat.

THE ART OF COOKING AN OMELETTE.

WHY is it that we so rarely get a good omelette? What are the reasons that make the majority of cooks break down over this simple dish? These are easy questions to ask, but difficult to answer.

I will try and explain how to make an omelette, though I must say that personally I think a little piece of onion is a great improvement to savory omelettes.

We will first make an omelette *aux fines herbes*, as perhaps under this name some cooks will be more willing to learn; and I will go to the bottom of the secret at once.

Would it surprise you to hear that you have nothing in the house that you can make an omelette in?

This is probably a fact. An omelette should be made in an omelette-pan, and naturally the next question is, "What is an omelette-pan?"

The most practical answer to this is, An omelette-pan is a small ordinary frying-pan that has never cooked anything but omelettes.

This is what cooks won't believe. Their argument is, "Oh, parcel of stuff." But it is a fact for all that.

If you doubt the fact, order an omelette to be made in the ordinary frying-pan—however well it be cleaned—and then notice its color.

Next buy a small new frying-pan. Boil a little water with a piece of soda in it to take away the taste of the tin, and make an omelette in this, and you will see, and taste too, the difference.

We will suppose this experiment has been tried. Next, we will start as follows—We have three eggs, some parsley, and some butter ready.

First take enough parsley to make a small teaspoonful when chopped fine, and if you have a bottle of "mixed sweet herbs" in the house take a good pinch—*i. e.*, as much as you can hold between your finger and thumb—and add to the parsley before you chop it.

Chop up the parsley and herbs fine, and add to them a small saltspoonful of salt and half a one of pepper.

Next break the three eggs separately to see if they are good, put all three into a basin and beat them up with a fork till they froth, and when beaten add the chopped parsley, &c., and mix them thoroughly in.

Next take two ounces of good butter and melt it over the fire in the omelette-pan till it froths.

Remember, the fire must be good and clear; in fact, an omelette wants a sharp fire.

In the present day most stoves are shut-up ones, but if you try and make an omelette over an open fire you must take care there is no smoke.

Another point to remember is to have the beaten-up eggs and all ready, so as to add to the butter directly it froths in the omelette-pan.

After a very little time over a good fire the butter will begin to turn color, and at last will turn a rich brown.

Now this is all very well if we want to make black butter for boiled skate, but it will spoil an omelette.

As soon as the butter begins to froth from the fire, pour quickly into the omelette-pan the beaten eggs, &c., which must also froth from the beating. These air-bubbles help to make the omelette light.

Directly you pour in the egg take a tablespoon and stir it up quickly, scraping the bottom of the omelette-pan all over to prevent the mixture sticking, and consequently burning.

You will now find that it all commences to turn lumpy. This is what it should do, and when it is nearly all lumpy scrape it on to one side of the omelette-pan—the side away from you—so as to make it a semi-circular shape.

You can now, if the fire is rather fierce, raise the pan so as to slacken the heat. When it is almost set, take the pan off the fire and slant it in front of the fire, if you have part of the front open, or, still better, hold a red-hot shovel over the omelette.

This will help to make it light. Do not, however, brown it beyond a few brown specks.

Now take a slice and slide the omelette off the frying-pan on to a hot dish, and serve it quickly. This is a plain, savory omelette.

I have before said that I think a little piece of onion chopped up with the parsley an improvement.

If you like onion take care you don't put in too much. A piece of onion the size of the top of the finger would be ample, and be careful to chop it fine. It is not pleasant in an omelette to come across a piece which we have to crunch.

Another open point is whether it is best to serve gravy with a savory omelette. Like adding onion, this is a matter of taste.

I think that, if you add onion to an omelette, gravy is a decided improvement, and that if you don't intend serving gravy it is best to omit the onion.

The gravy suitable to be served with omelettes is a good brown gravy, similar to that which would be handed round with a roast fowl or turkey.

Sometimes omelettes are served with some sort of rich meat with them. For instance, we can have omelette with kidney, oyster, ham, or Parmesan.

When you have the meat or rich ragout served with the omelette, but not *mixed* with it, you must somewhat vary your method of cooking the omelette.

For instance, omelette with kidney is really a savory omelette with a large ladleful of stewed kidneys; omelette with oysters is an omelette with a mixture similar to the inside of an oyster patty served with it.

When you have a meat or forcemeat of this description you should let your omelette set in the frying-pan in a circular shape instead of a semi-circular, and when it is almost set, place the spoonful or ladleful of meat, &c., on one half, and then turn the other half of the omelette over on to it.

Leave a little of the omelette mixture sufficiently *unset* to scrape it quickly round—to fix together the edges when it has been turned over. This requires some little practice.

Sometimes additions are made to the omelette by mixing in other things with the beaten egg.

For instance, you can add Parmesan cheese—grated, of course—or any kind of grated cheese.

Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God!

Correspondence.

HENRY, (Camden, N. J.)—You acted in a cowardly manner, and it is your place to apologize.

LIZZIE, (Freeborn, Minn.) — Though used by the ancients, fans came to us through the French, who obtained them thought Italy.

B. W. O., (Lebanon, Pa.) — Thomas Chatterton, "The sleepless soul that perished in his pride," was born in 1752, and died by his own hand in 1770.

ARTHUR, (Morgan, Va.)—A good waterproof cement may be made by mixing glue five, rosin four, red ochre three parts, with a little water.

C. D. S., (Worcester, Mass.)—The lady enters the door which the gentleman opens for her. He goes out before her. The arm to be given depends on circumstances.

SAM, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Notre Dame (Our Lady) is a common name for cathedrals in France. Notre Dame de Paris is a magnificent structure, and was founded in 1163.

OPIUM., (Kensington, Pa.) — No, certainly not. The taking of opium will not make the skin white. Cases differ, but, as a rule, fat meat and sugar, taken freely, are more likely to succeed. When there is a good layer of white fat under the skin, it looks white and clear.

W. F. L., (Montcalm, Mich.)—No, it is not proved that "catching" diseases are openly disseminated in the neighborhood of hospitals devoted to their treatment. In some instances mismanagement has led to infection, but with proper precautions there is not supposed to be any danger.

S. W. B., (Portage, O.)—We think a person's own feelings should suggest what words are most appropriate for him or her to use in acknowledgement of an introduction to a lady or gentleman. If one feels pleased to make the acquaintance of a person, they should express the pleasure by saying so frankly.

CHARLIE, (Phila., Pa.)—Make it up with the young lady, by all means; it is the sweetest part of courtship; and, at the age you both are, you will be able to have the most fruitless source of matrimonial quarrels—a want of thorough acquaintance with each other's temper—over before the ceremony can take place.

GEORGE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—As a rule, no. But if he chances to encounter ladies in the street with whom he is well acquainted, going in the same direction that he is going, and who greet him in a manner which shows that his company is agreeable to them, it would be permissible for him to walk along with them for a little way.

READER, (Bradley, Ark.) — A wife ought to be quite capable of managing such things, and, if capable, her husband should have perfect confidence in her management, and, if he had confidence, he would have no need to make her such an allotment. Secondly, it is not a plain table which fails to attract men, for a good plain table, will attract far better than a sumptuous one with a sour face seated at it.

MOTHER, (Bedford, Pa.)—We are aware that there is a favorite fancy of rendering infants and farther advanced children hardy and strong by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it is believed that it will and often does kill three children out of every five. Experience shows that infants usually thrive best with moderate warmth and a milk-warm bath.

AGNES, (Marshall, Kansas.)—You had better tell the truth frankly as to the change in your feelings. Remember, there is the happiness of another concerned. It would be wicked and deceitful to go on with the engagement in spite of the change which has certainly come about. Put the facts clearly before him, and let him decide what course to pursue.

G. F. L., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not possible to get rid of a cicatrix resulting from an injury. If it is very unsightly, perhaps some surgeon may improve the state of matters: but anything you could attempt to do yourself would almost certainly make the matter worse. See some very expert hospital surgeon, and be guided by his counsel. It is far easier to do harm than good in these cases.

T. I. J., (Saline, Ark.)—General ill-health sometimes causes the hair to fall out: in such cases the remedy consists, of course, in attendance to the general health. The common disease of the skin, of which "dandruff" is a symptom, also produces baldness: the use of birch-bark tar, and other preparations, frequently does good when this is the trouble. A correspondent says that a wash consisting of alcohol, one pint; water, half a pint; glycerine, two ounces; flavored with a few drops of oil of bergamot, and shaken before using, is very efficacious in all cases. However, when the hair falls out with advancing age, or without an obvious cause, we are afraid that no remedy will do you much good.

E. H., (East Saginaw, Mich.)—The boy doubtless belongs to the class of those who are described as "too clever." We presume he has been brought up on the modern principle. The rod has been spared and the child spoilt. A sound thrashing would do the young rascal good. As to his "Can't help it," that ought to be flogged out of him. Such boys are a nuisance, and bring disgrace on families. We never knew of one cured by what is feelingly called "kindness." His "good character"—forsooth!—at school is part of the whole. He is a typical example of the class of youths who go on from bad to worse until they find themselves within the grip of the law. Show him our answer, and tell him that there is no pity for him. He is a discredit to his sex and age.

E. L. M., (Montgomery Co., Pa.)—"As sins proceed, they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it." Be loyal to yourself, to those whose guidance you should have sought, to your own sex. It rests with yourself to avoid the snare that has been set for you. Your "trustworthy friend" is anything but trustworthy: had she counseled wisely, the mischief might have been checked from the outset. In future be guided by your guardians. As for your would-be protector, see him no more, or, if you do, send him packing. Knavery is supple, and can bend to accomplish its wicked ends, but honesty is firm and upright. Your rich, intellectual, and noble "friend" stands unmasked. The craftiest wiles are too short and ragged a cloak to cover the practices of a villain.